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ISSUE 27

JEFF BRIDGES

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FEATURES

MARILYN MONROE
the legend at 50

the blue world of
J. BRIAN

PITTSBURGH

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with words by
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IN TOUCH

ISSUE 27

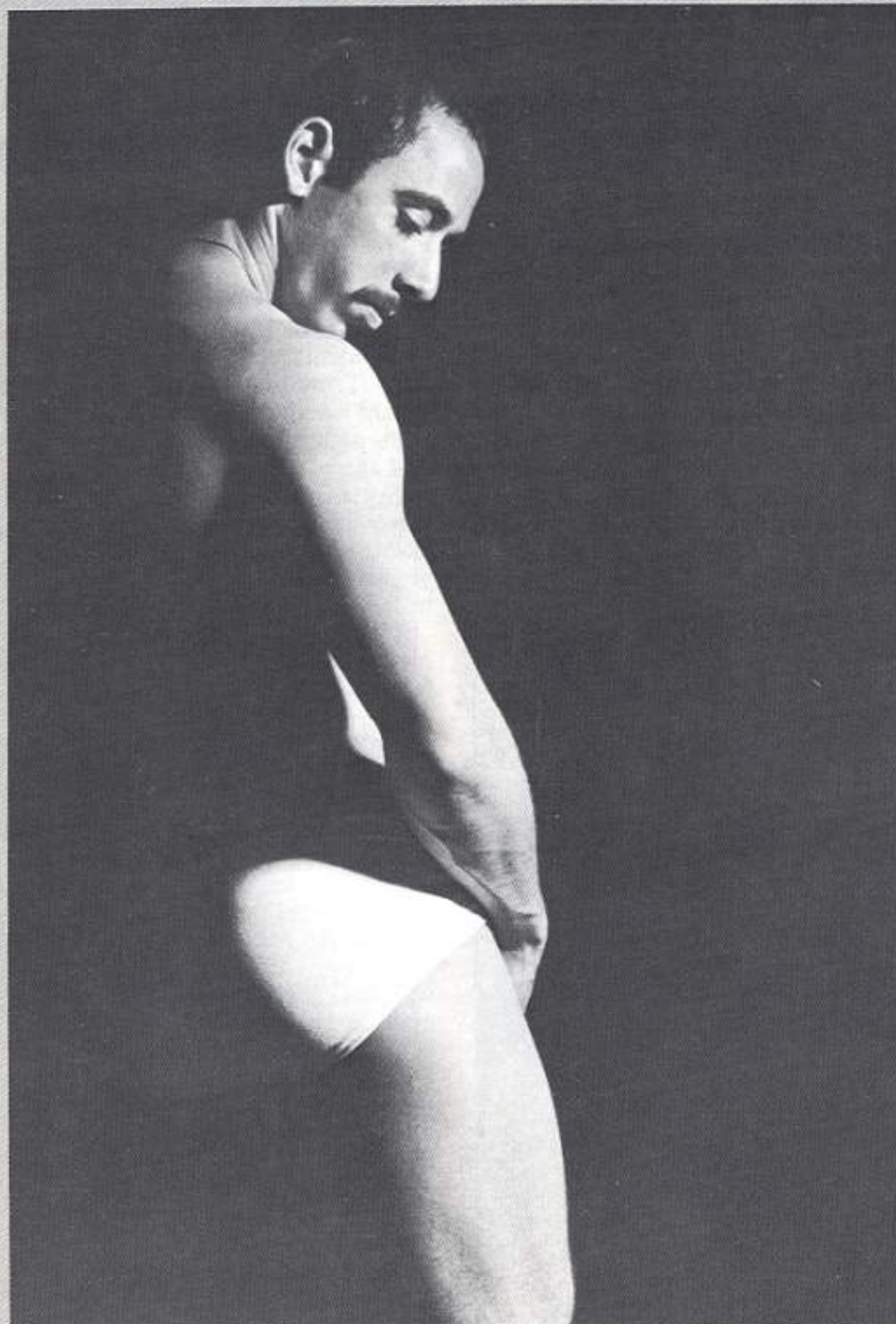


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Editorial

Between these pages you'll discover what we think is our best issue yet—a perfect end to our third year and an even better beginning for our biggest yet.

Distinguished author William S. Burroughs is with us, putting magic words (as only he can) to our pictures of California's men. Burroughs,

more color pages than any *IN TOUCH* ever. As always, we've got three of the most spectacular nudes we could find, and even more correspondents have joined our "On The Town" and "Around The World" section, keeping you in touch with nightlife all over the country and the world.

For travel this winter, you might want the lowdown on the nation's favorite warm spot, Miami, and if you've ever wondered if there's life in Pittsburgh, you can find out now.

If you're into celebrities, check out Jeff Bridges. He may be his father's son, but he's an actor's actor. He's finally shanking off his "dumb jock" roles and emerging as one of the best young actors on the screen today, as *King Kong* is proving. And we speculate on what might have been if Marilyn had lived—the legend at 50.

Good reading can be yours too. Robert K. Martin, who turned all of us into poetry lovers last issue with his in depth look at Walt Whitman, is back. And we're willing to bet you never knew the real *Moby Dick*. Martin will be back again next issue, too, shedding light on still another literary great. A lot better than English 101, huh?

We report on parents of gays and how they're finally coming out of the closet too. And take a look at the French cinema's treatment of homosexuality.

For turn-ons, we praise, "Buns. Glorious Buns!" and interview famed porno filmmaker J. Brian, who lets us in on what makes his pictures a genre all their own.

It's all here. And there's plenty more to come in the next issue too... Santa Monica's gymnasts, a nude Englishman whose qualifications won't quit (see page 89 for a peek), Phoenix gets the once over, and a new section called "People" brings you all kinds of interesting men from all walks of life, all over the world. Don't lose touch.

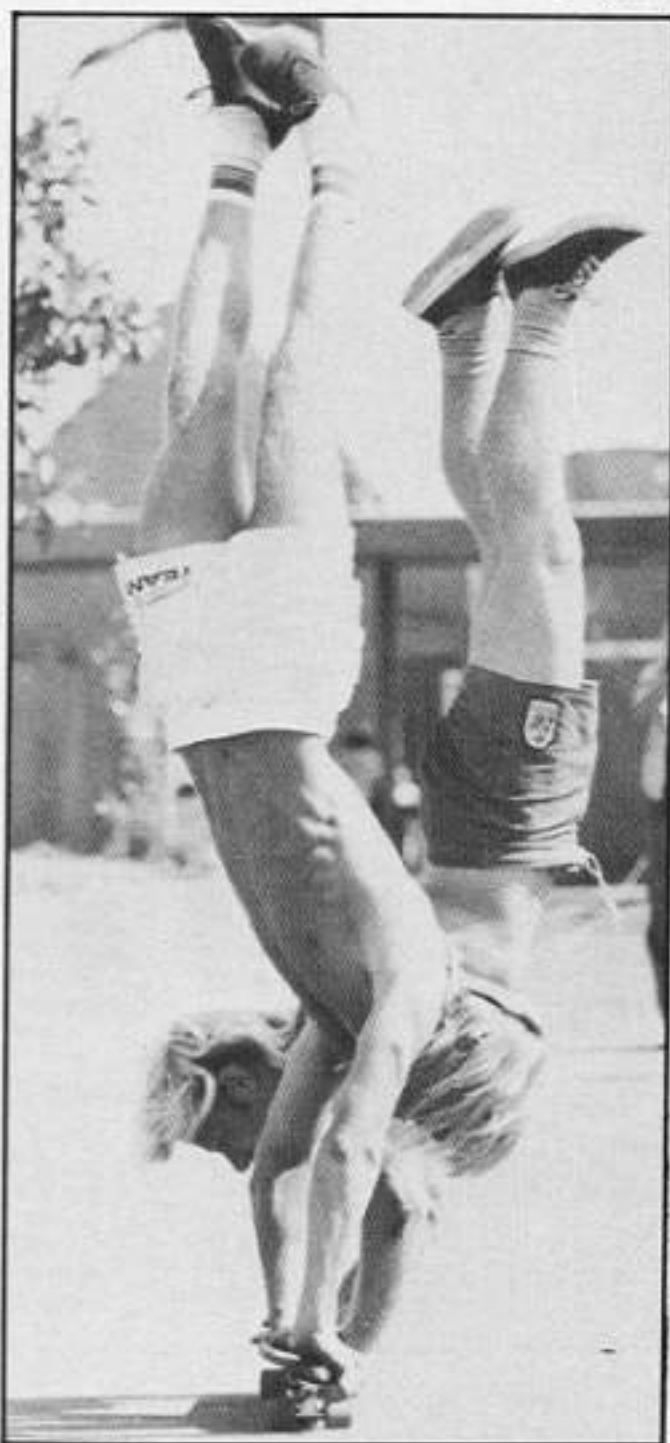


Photo by Hugh Holland

The boys of California

of *Naked Lunch* and other acclaimed books—fame, was as inspired by the California male, as we think, you'll be. Burroughs returns next issue, too, for another words-and-pictures spread you won't want to miss.

But back to this 1977 premiere issue, which incidentally, contains

FILMS & MUSIC & BOOKS & ON THE TOWN

All This And World War II combines old film clips and newsreel footage from 20th Century Fox's library with great music by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. It sounds a bit bizarre on paper, but it sure works on the



screen. It's amazing how well Beatles' music compliments images of war. The end result is really quiet nostalgic and entertaining. The soundtrack is a knockout obviously, and if you see it in a theater with good speakers, go stoned.

It's been a long time since *Hospital*, but Paddy Chayefsky can take as long as he wants, as long as he keeps writing original scripts like MGM's *Network*. He's a cinch for another screenwriting Oscar with this black comedy about television network programming. Sydney Lumet, who's also due for an Oscar, directs a great cast, including Faye Dunaway as a tough bitch programmer, William Holden as the conscientious man she fucks and steps over, and Peter Finch, as a newscaster fighting bad ratings. When Finch is canned, he announces on the air that he'll blow his brains

out coast-to-coast. Then the fun starts. Don't miss it.

United Artists has a gold mine in *Carrie*, which is quite simply the most horrifying film I've seen. Brian De Palma, who started showing his stuff with *Sisters*, has become the unquestionable master of the horror film with this one about a wallflower (Sissy Spacek) who has the power to move objects. Pity the classmates who give her the shaft at the high school prom. It will jolt you out of your seat.

Avco-Embassy's *Voyage Of The Damned* has a lot of stars (Faye Dunaway, Orson Welles, James Mason, Lee Grant, et al) but it's just too grim a tale about 937 Jews shipped off to Cuba by the Nazis as a propaganda ploy. Cuba doesn't want them and neither does any other country, which sets off some pretty depressing suicides, beatings and the like for these poor, persecuted people. It's well done, but even the few attempts to inject humor fail to make this sad, but true story a entertaining film experience.

Universal's *Two-Minute Warning* is a fascinating tale about a sniper menacing a big football game at the L.A. Coliseum. As much as I wanted to dislike it for its violence, SWAT squads, and mass hysteria, I couldn't. It's pretty formula, but well directed by Larry Peerce, who made the fine tearjerker *The Other Side Of The Mountain* and there's star power enough to sell it.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution is fine escapist entertainment about Sherlock Holmes' addiction to cocaine, of all things, and his cure by Sigmund Freud, of all people. Director Herbert Ross stylishly brings the

films

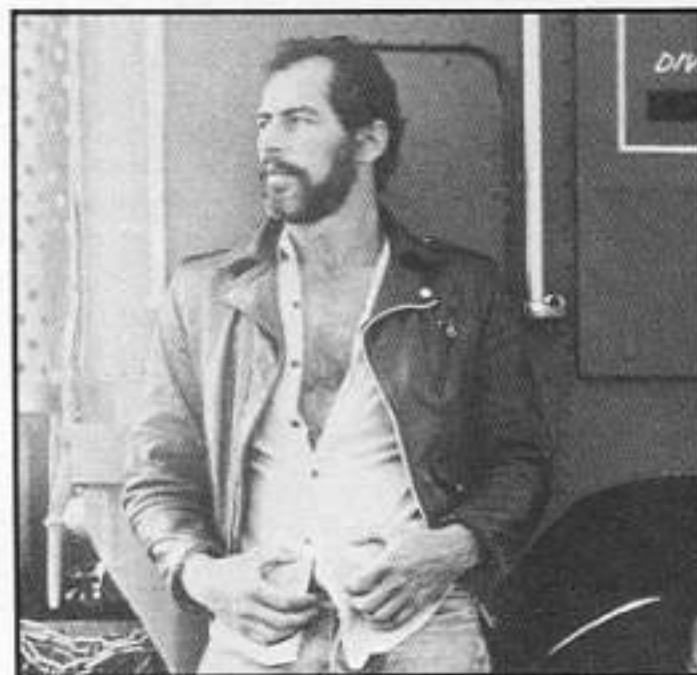
period piece to life, not losing a bit of the wry humor of Nicholas Meyer's bestseller.

I liked *The Last Tycoon* very much. It took Paramount a long time to get up the nerve to film F. Scott Fitzgerald's last novel about a studio executive in Hollywood's heyday. But film it they did, damn the expense, and it's a faithful telling by master director Elia Kazan, who doesn't get the chance to do it enough. Robert De Niro is perfect as the Thalberg-like studio head who loses his heart and his job. Even if you don't like the ending, Maurice Jarre's music and the early earthquake sequence on a studio lot are worth the price of admission.

X-Rated

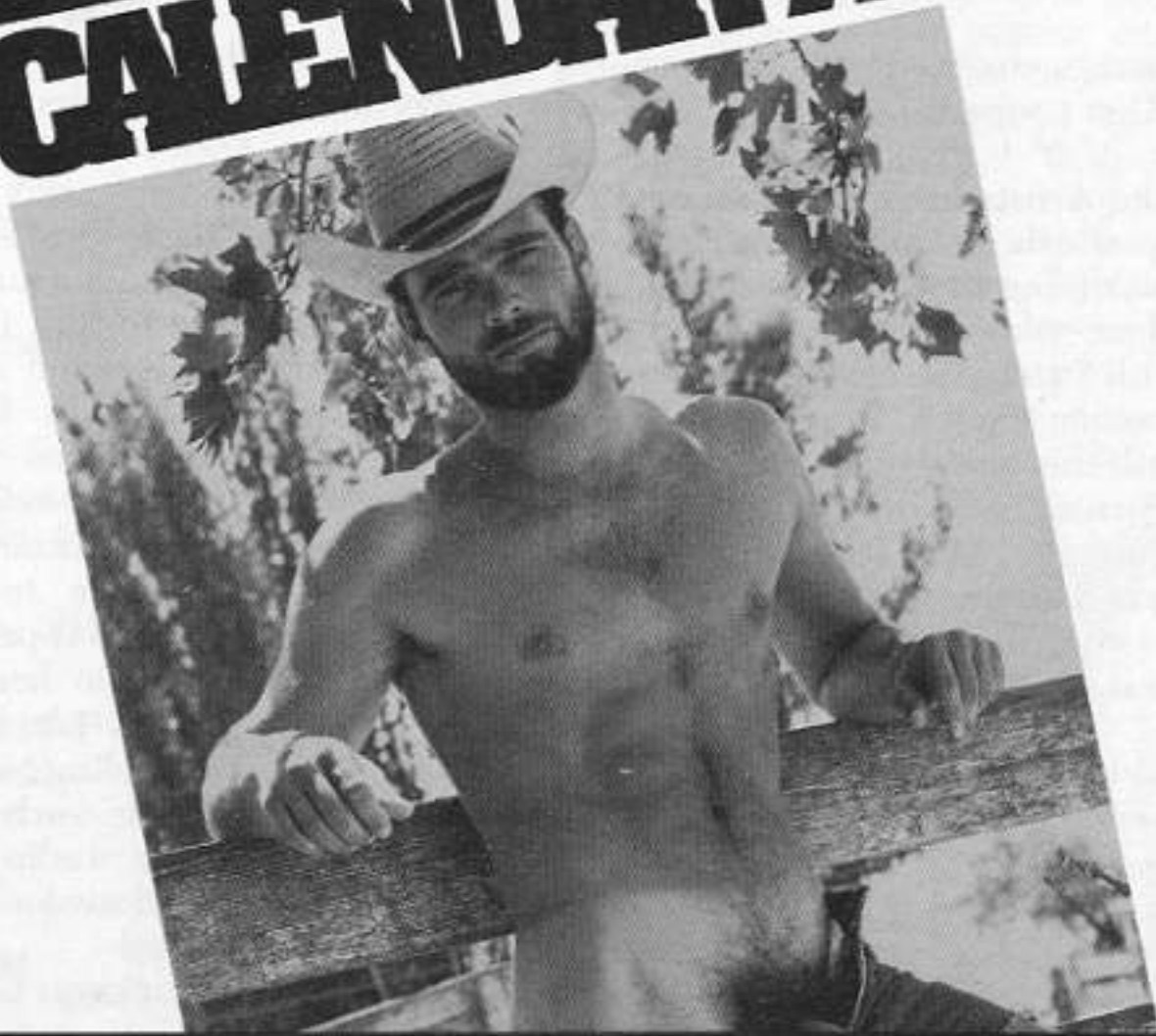
Kansas City Trucking Co. is a turn-on if you're into porn films, thanks to producer - writer - director Joe Gage, who obviously knows what he's doing. There's not much story — about truck drivers, naturally — but if you're into climaxes, you won't find more per frame anywhere else. The orgy in the truck stop bunkroom might be shortened, but all in all it's quite hot.

—John Roberts



Kansas City Trucking Co.'s Richard Locke

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music

Year's end brought us a pair of epic double-record sets from the two single most important artists in popular music, which is, of course, the single most important artistic forum today, despite the space allotted by the media to every posturing passing flash cinema director. Both Elton John and Stevie Wonder have accepted superstardom with the disciplines of the artist rather than that of the junk peddler, and for the most part they do their talking through their work, with eloquence, wit and accelerating maturity.

Perhaps because his last three albums were such monumental strides forward and because the new album, **Songs In The Key Of Life** (Tamla), was almost two years in labor, the album does not exceed expectations as the previous ones have. There remain traces of adolescent social consciousness and musical and electronic noodling — still very much the product of genius — but not nearly so surprising, so deeply mature and as profoundly human as the discoveries in Elton's **Blue Moves** (MCA/Rocket).

No ballad in the Wonder set approaches "All Is Fair In Love," while John's is packed with sensitive and deeply personal ballads of melancholy serenity and shattered romances forgiven.

"Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest Word" was an immediate hit and will endure, but there is also the exquisitely phrased "Tonight," backed by the London Symphony.

Tonight

Why not approach with less defiance

The man who'd love to see you smile . . .

There is the haunting "Someone's Final Song," an epitaph for a songwriter's suicide, and the dark disillusionment of "Between Seventeen and Twenty," with its deft emotional turns.

"Where's The Shoorah?" is a rich, gentle gospel tune, backed by two Baptist choirs, while "Chameleon," like the best songs in the album by John and Bernie Taupin, is a further penetrating reflection on a deep relationship come to a separation.

The personal aspects of these ballads is fascinating. Still, the album has a full ration of up-tempo numbers and disco beats and one super jazz-flavored instrumental, "Out of the Blue," which runs six minutes. A giant stretch toward greatness.

While Elton's album involves quite a number of guest artists, the Wonder sessions attracted a who's who of the music business, including Herbie Hancock, George Benson, Minnie Riperton. Still, Wonder, more than perhaps anyone in the music business, can and does do it all. Few include engineer as such an integral part of their musicianship.

If the album (2 LPs plus a mini-33) has a clear theme, it is expressed in "Love's In Need of Love Today," clearly stating Wonder's popular savvy and moral purpose. Elsewhere in the album his simple message of love and human understanding occasionally takes on a sermonizing tone, but not here.

Its most classic statement is in "Village Ghetto Land," tender, majestic like a ray of hope descending into the most oppressive cradles of humanity.

"Isn't She Lovely" and "I Wish" have already pushed close to the top of airplay lists, but my favorite is "If It's Magic." Yet I think the album deserves to be listened to with special attention and some semblance of the reverence involved in its creation. The joy Wonder invests in his music, the driving and intricate involvement of the sounds in isolation, can too easily invite you to follow the beat into the "Pastime Paradise" of which Wonder cautions, and divert you from the message — which would seem to be Wonder's own driving purpose.

The Bee Gees continue their commercially inspired exploitation of ersatz soul with **Children of the World** (RSO Records). The borrowed aural pigmentation of "Love So Right" is pure Stylistics and succeeds, but "Love Me" sounds like Robin Gibb is singing with a runaway vibrator dork rammed down his throat. "You Stepped Into My Life" and "You Should Be Dancing" continue the solid disco sounds which they developed on their last "Main Course" album. "Dancing" is one of disco's best. Three out of 10 ain't bad. Or is it?

Marvin Gaye's **Greatest Hits** (Tamla), from "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" and "Trouble Man"

through "Let's Get It On" and "I Want You." 'Nuff said. Leon Russell's **Best of Leon** (Shelter) is a much more arguable selection from an admittedly less rich vein. A gamble.

Lynyrd Skynyrd (pronounced Lehnard Skinnerd) have finally set their true live sound to disk with their 4th album, a two-record set titled **One More From The Road** (MCA) and recorded at Atlanta's legendary Fox Theatre, which they have worked so hard to save. Now that the South has risen again, this worthy successor to the mantle of the Allman Brothers is headed topmost. Catch the rich blues flavor of "Tuesday's Gone," then clear the decks for some plaster-cracking boogie down.

Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band (RCA) burst into the charts and the discos with "Cherchez La Femme," but these incredibly sophisticated musicians are hardly limited to that bag, drawing as they do from the big band era, tinselly moves and Cotton Club headliners of the '30s and '40s with some of the most joyously allusive sounds around today. Anyone who loves Fats Waller, Lena Horne, the Marx



Brothers, Betty Boop or Sparks is about to have an affair with Dr. Buzzard's. Vo-do-de-oh.

In **On The Road To Kingdom Come** (Elektra) minstrel Harry Chapin's narrative gifts grow ponderous, closer and closer to Thomas Hardy and further from Walt Whitman. Only on "The Mayor of Candor Died," about a suitor whose girl's dad turns him off, does

Chapin involve the listener in his tale. The more impressionistic and romantic "Caroline" and "Roll Down The River" are the only real joys of this album.

Those outlandish space bunnies, Labelle, fly in again with **Chameleon** and while there is plenty of rip up to ignite the flock, what is specially delightful about this outing is the chance it gives lead singer Patti Labelle for an added ration of the deep and moving solo soul at which she knows no master. Not the least of which is that soon-to-be-classic from the group's own resident writer Nona Hendryx, "Going Down Makes Me Shiver." Don't it?

In the flurry over Stevie's long awaited package, perhaps the revitalized Miracles will not get credit due for their admirable and programmatically sound homage to children, **The Power of Music** (Tamla). With music and lyrics by Billy Griffin and Warren "Pete" Moore, the album is a sustained pleasure, capped by "You Need A Miracle." Just when we thought we didn't, they proved we do.

—Damon West

books

The dramatic public announcement of his gayness in 1973 by Dr. Howard Brown, former public health services administrator under John Lindsay in New York, immediately projected him into a leading position in the gay movement, as board chairman of the "National" Gay Task Force. If his made-to-order eminence in the movement piqued some who had labored long years for gay causes, Brown's new biography, *Familiar Faces, Hidden Lives, The Story of Homosexual Men in America Today* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95, 246 pgs.), makes the reason for his leadership position quite clear.

No one has described the hold of the closet as movingly, as perceptively, and with as fine an eye for the possible variations — the paralyzing effect that fear and homophobia have on many whose lives would be infinitely richer if only they could face up to their gayness, could stop blaming their fears on gays who are "embarrassingly visible," could give affirmation to their gay spirits and experience.

Brown, who had only begun to shake off the attitudes of the closet when he died in February, 1975, tells his story better than perhaps any previous gay memoirist, tells it in a low key without melodramatics, and adds on the stories of several of the hundreds who contacted him, in person or by phone or letter, after he made his dramatic announcement at a medical symposium.

Gays who came out with relative ease, who can't quite imagine why anyone would ever cower in the dark, may react impatiently, seeing Brown's account of his own and several other largely wasted lives as self-indulgent. But most gays I suspect will read these pages with painful empathy, amazed at Brown's insight and humanity, wanting to cry every few pages as the gentle story unfolds so unobtrusively.

Brown illustrates without taking note of it that we mean two chiefly different things by the "closet," and consequently two (at least) things by coming out. There is the deep closet of those who refuse or are unable to recognize what they are, no matter how active they may be sexually, and there is the discreet closet of those who are self-accepting, who are partly in the gay life, but who do not choose to tell persons who don't need to know. The latter involves talents which it would be wise of us not to forget in case there should be new, repressive days ahead.

* * *

Father John J. McNeill's long-awaited *The Church and the Homosexual* (Sheed, Andrews and McMeel, 6700 Squibb Rd., Mission, Kan. 66202, \$10, 212 pgs.), is for Protestant gays as well as Catholics — the most important expositions to date in the unending struggle to conciliate gays with their religious backgrounds. Six years ago, Fr. McNeill, a Jesuit theologian, wrote a ground-breaking article on "The Christian Male Homosexual," in *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, and helped start the N.Y. chapter of DIGNITY, an association of gay Catholics which now has 57 chapters and affiliates in the U.S. and abroad. A speech to DIGNITY's first national convention in L.A., 1973, formed the basis of this book, and the occasion for a Vatican ban on his teaching and writing, only now lifted. After careful examination of his thesis by his Jesuit superiors, he finally received the **Imprimi potest** (permission to publish).

Some will find the book heavy

reading — the argument at times has to be fairly technical. For others it will seem too cursory, even apologetic. Many regard the old charges about Sodom as no longer worthy of answer, but so long as they are a heavy burden to many gays, they do need answer. This book is as radical an answer as one is likely to soon find within the Catholic communion.

I am dissatisfied with his dependence on Dr. Sherwin Bailey's frequently sophistic arguments (Bailey wrote the Church of England's recommendation for law reform in 1956 and expanded his argument in the classic, *Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition*; with his treating Romans 1:26-28 out of context (everybody does it, but the whole book of Romans chiefly condemns the very habit of judging other people by their sins which the church has traditionally used for judging gays); and his use of the essentially Pharisaic argument that Paul wasn't really condemning homosexuals as such, just certain types of homosexuals.

McNeill and his book have had their greatest impact as a news event, getting nationwide coverage in the press and on TV, and most of it very positive. I hope the minor criticisms I've raised will not deter anyone from studying it.

—Jim Kepner

on the town

chicago

Winter always hits Chicago with razor-sharp weather, but it never gets the natives down. Probably the hottest bar opening here recently was Dingbat's, formerly a straight establishment until recently.

The grand opening was heightened with an overflowing champagne fountain, free liquor and an exotic table of foreign cheeses, tropical fruits and delicate seafoods.

The bar's excellent design has created intimate nooks and crannies along with multiple rooms. There is a piano bar, electronic game room and a restaurant serving lunch and dinner.

A large stainless steel-floored disco is offset by dizzying wall and ceiling lights and an excellent sound system. If the opening was any indication, Dingbat's will be a huge success.

The Bistro, Chicago's granddaddy disco bar, is still popular. Many of the front lounge's booths have been replaced with tables and countertops. But the most eye-popping change is go-go boys — from blond jock to mystifying fire dancer.

Early last fall, controversy surrounded the Broadway Limited, a popular disco in New Town, Chicago's gay ghetto. Gay groups gathered forces and picketed the pub after the alleged physical abuse of the clientele by some of the straight management. Tempers have cooled, but so have the crowds.

Chicago's theatre season is in full swing after a somewhat dismal start. "West Side Story," starring Leslie Uggams, took a royal panning from the critics. And Elizabeth Ray made her stage debut in "Can Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Ms. Ray aptly proved that her acting talent is in the same category as her typing.

"The Wiz" opened last month and continues its indefinite run. At the Drury Lane South theatre, Susan Blakely stars in "The Owl and the Pussycat" thru Jan. 16. The Goodman Theatre presents George Kelly's "The Show-Off" Jan. 6-Feb. 6.

—Bill Lumen

new york

Peter Allen came to The Bottom Line this time instead of Reno Sweeney and wowed the crowds for a 5-day engagement, which is unprecedented for this club. Sitting ringside on opening night were girlfriends Bette Midler and Madeline Kahn. Allen opened for Midler way-back-when at The Troubador in L.A. At one point in the show he said "this number could really use some backup singers. I wonder what the Harlettes are doing tonight. Bette doesn't work anymore." She screamed.

Although he drew raves for his music from most of Gotham's critics, he got no points for his act, which they found "too campy." Seems the onstage gyrations upset those who think male singers should behave like male singers. Decked out in tight black pants and a Hawaiian shirt

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knotted at the waist, Allen straddled the piano bench sideways and bumped his way through a 90-minute set designed to cross Ms. Midler with Carmen Miranda. Before the set ended, he'd stripped away two upper layers to reveal a sequined body shirt which matched his trousers. All of this was dandy but the music is still the message with Allen, and his persona didn't get in the way of a far out show which found him in excellent voice.

The Big Top Theater, Broadway's new raincoat-on-your-lap porno house hosted the opening of the new gay porn epic *In The Heat Of The Knight* which turned out to be a luke-warm failure. Heralded as



In The Heat of the Knight's Mike DeMarco

though it were something special and different, it proves to be just another limp-dick flick with washed-out color and lousy lip-synched sound.

The film features Mike DeMarco in his first gay porn feature and the message seems to be that if a straight (sic) go-go dancer from New Jersey clubs is willing to take off his clothes in a gay film, we should all love it. No Sale. He did some dancing before the film started and he's got a terrific body but the question and answer period was a bust. Hosted by Marc Stevens, it consisted mostly of the cast telling the audience how difficult it is to keep it hard for a movie. That's like a plumber saying he likes his job but finds it real hard to fix the sink.

It was the first screening I'd ever been to where the audience changed seats every 10 minutes. The Big Top features a back room with stereo sound alongside the screen and most of the patrons seemed more interested in that than the film. I left when the actors started to change seats every 10 minutes.

The first composer in The Ballroom's "Broadway At The Ballroom" series was Sheldon Harnick ("Fiddler," "Fiorello," "She Loves Me") and it was pure delight. Opening night guest was Mayor Abe Beame, who was being picketed by a group of policemen outside the club. Harnick, singing songs from "Fiorello," mentioned he was omitting "I Love A Cop" for obvious reasons. This series is the best thing that could have happened to New York and drew such raves that they're turning away people by the hundreds every evening. Harnick's guest was Barbara Cooke, who wow-ed everyone with two songs from "She Loves Me."

Each composer in the series gets a surprise guest star unannounced to the public and people like Ethel Merman, Lauren Bacall and Angela Lansbury are expected in future weeks to accompany Jerry Herman ("Hello Dolly," "Mame"), Stephen Sondheim ("A Little Night Music," "Follies," "Company") and a host of others. Credit Craig Zadan for putting it all together and Greg Dawson, Lew Todd and the Ballroom for an innovative and spectacular idea.

The androgynous group, Friends, opened and closed at Reno Sweeny with the worst reviews in town. One critic called them "sexless" and I vote for him. I saw this "group" at Studio One and what it looked like

was a few guys who thought that they'd take off their shirts and get the gay audience. They ended their "act" by beating the stage with their belts. It should have been each other.

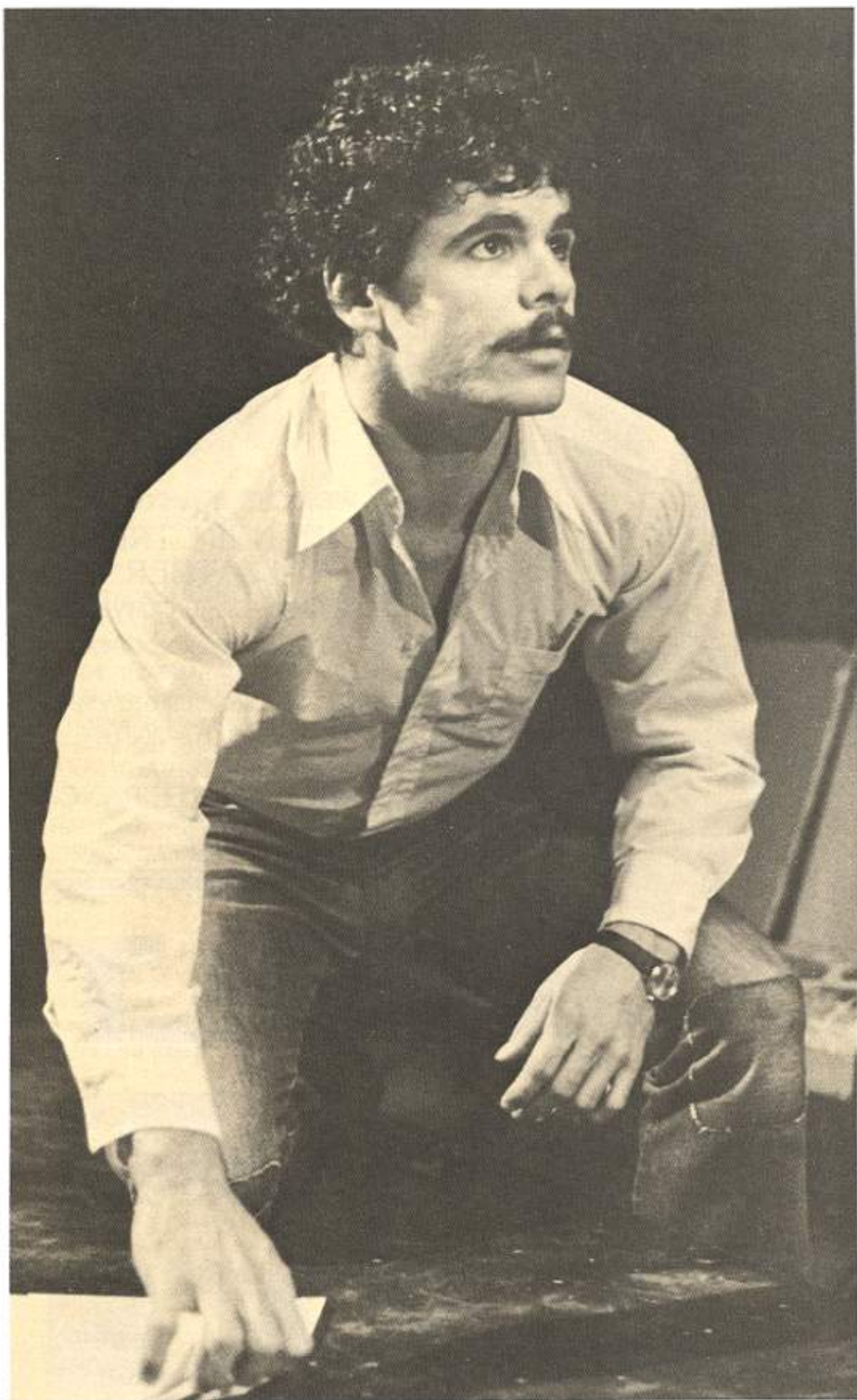
The famous Copacabana, New York's most classy nightclub of the '50s, re-opened as a disco with a party given by Andy Warhol and it was rather sad. A group of mini-chic people trying to give a '60s look to a '50s club in the '70s . . . Bette Midler's first film is being written especially for her by a famous screenwriter. He's responsible for the most quoted-verbatim dialogue in movie history.

. . . Richard Barr and Charles Woodward are bringing in Stephen Sondheim's "Sweeney Todd," for which he's done the book as well as the music for the first time. It'll be directed by Hal Prince . . . Zero Mostel is coming back for 10 weeks in the winter with a revival of "Fiddler On The Roof" choreographed and directed by Jerome Robbins . . . Barry Manilow is doing his first solo Broadway stint at the Uris through January. His backup group is called Lady Flash . . . Tessie O'Shea just closed at The Grand Finale. She's so energetic you feel like you've been mugged by a giant pixie . . . New York's ultra-in disco, Flamingo, was raided by police on opening night this year and everyone was asked to leave. The reason is a reported refusal to pay off the police. Every paper in town was there but nary a mention in the press. What gives? . . . A new disco-restaurant in Greenwich Village is called The Flying Saucer/UFO. At 544 Hudson, it sits two stories up and has a picture window overlooking the action. . . A gay show on cable TV seems to be a little confused considering we watched a logo reading "The Emerald City" for two hours before giving up . . . Dean Pitchford is bringing his club act to L.A.'s Studio One in February.

—Vito Russo

washington, d.c.

In various states of dramatic grace, the Federal city's boards have quickened and prospered. After a long delay, "Equus" cantered into The National — those mimetic horses making that play the prototype of graceful theatricality, and John Geilgud and Ralph Richardson graced the Eisenhower



Richard Ferrone in "Woyzeck"

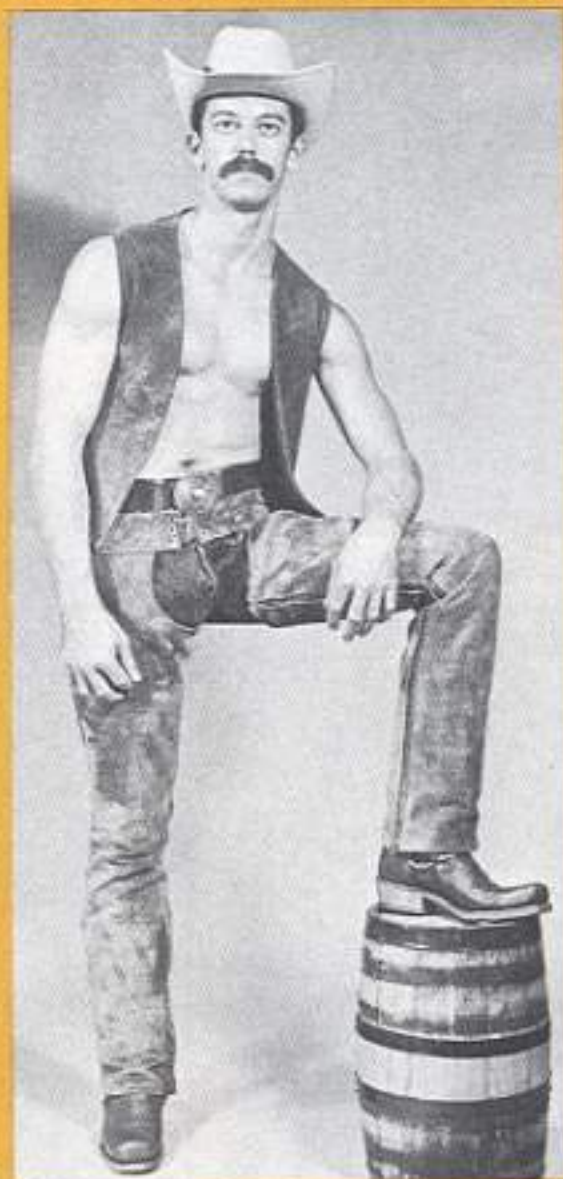
— steeped in that murky sado-masochism so peculiar to Pinter. The vehicle was "No Man's Land," on its way to New York.

At Arena Stage, the paradigm of "regional" theatres, there was a bitter grace in Leslie Cass's consummate performance of the title role in "Forever Yours, Marie-Lou" by Canadian playwright Michel Tremblay whose award-winning "Hosanna!" seared New York playgoers two seasons ago with some

of our best non-stereotypical homosexual characters.

Graceful iconography characterized Peter Brook's "The Ik" which visited George Washington University's Marvin Theatre. I can still see Andreas Katsulas as Colin Turnbull and Katsuhiro Oida as his Ik guide staring offstage at two native youths masturbating together. "They don't even look at each other," observes Turnbull curiously. A pause. Stasis. They watch. Then Turnbull inquires,

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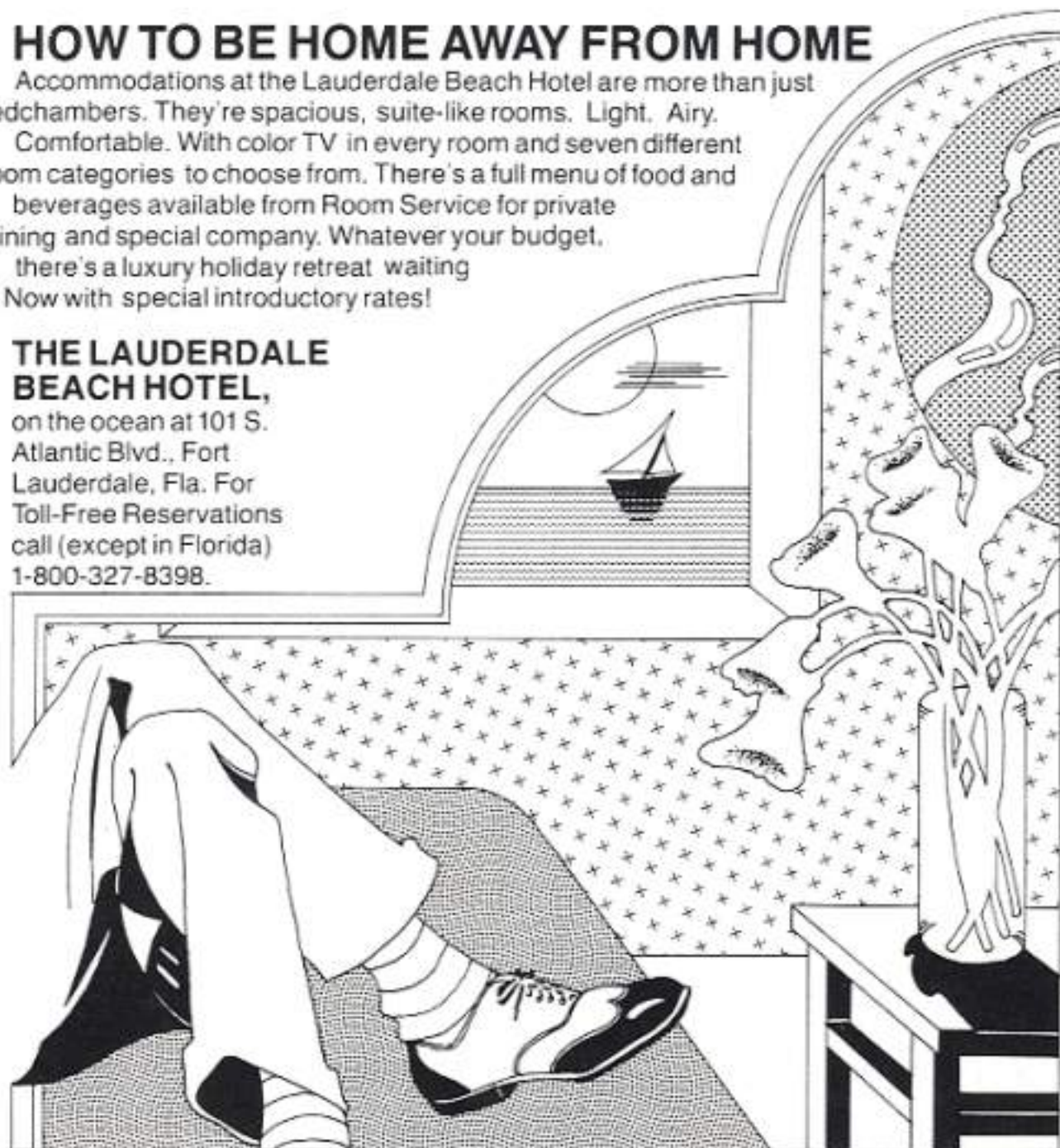
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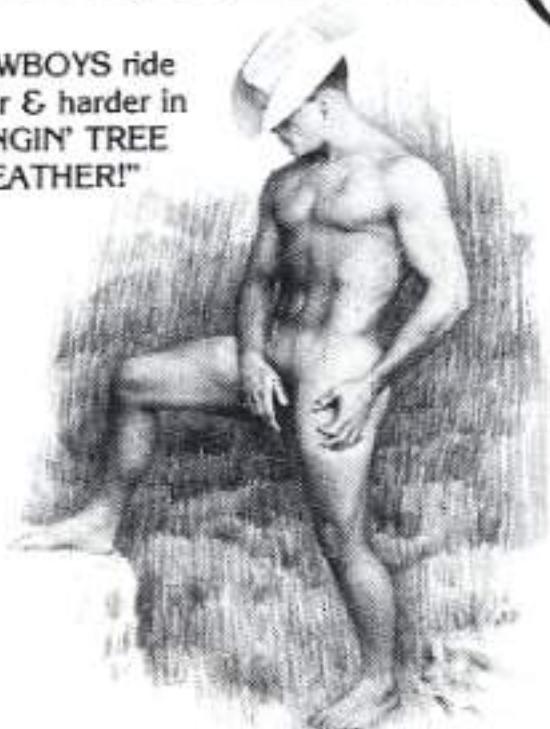
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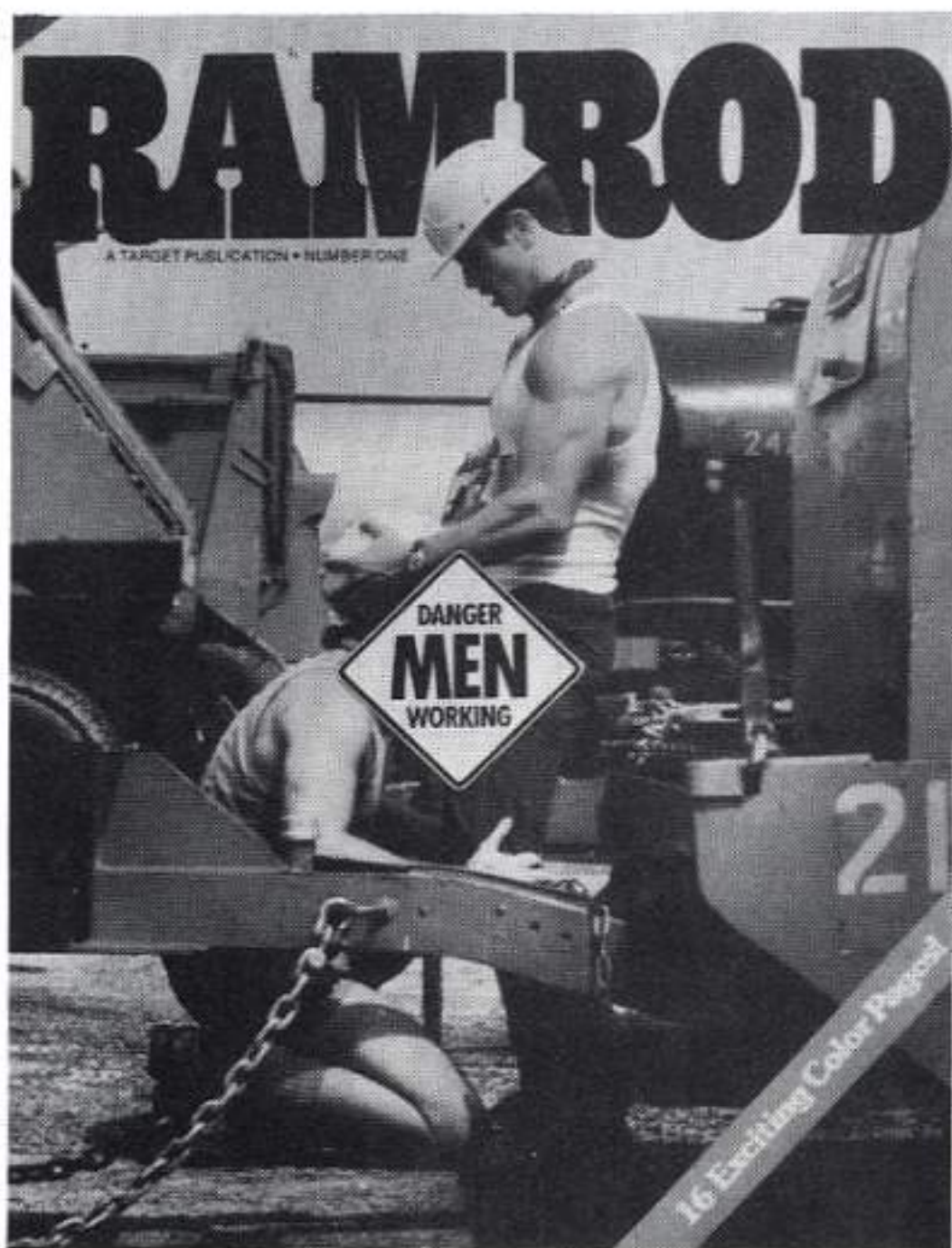
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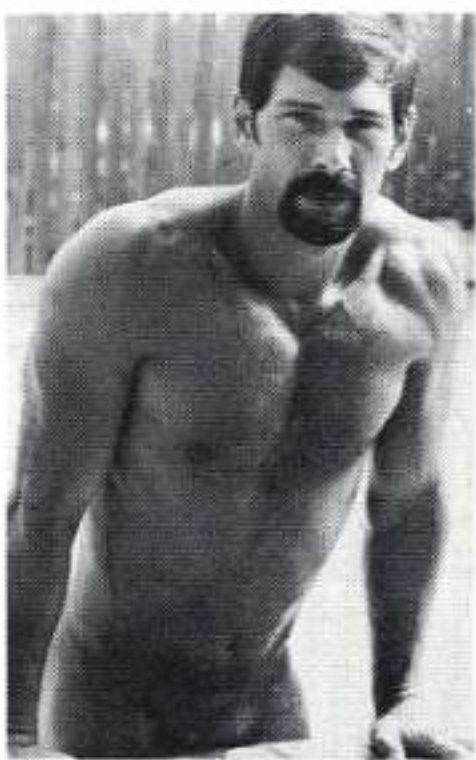


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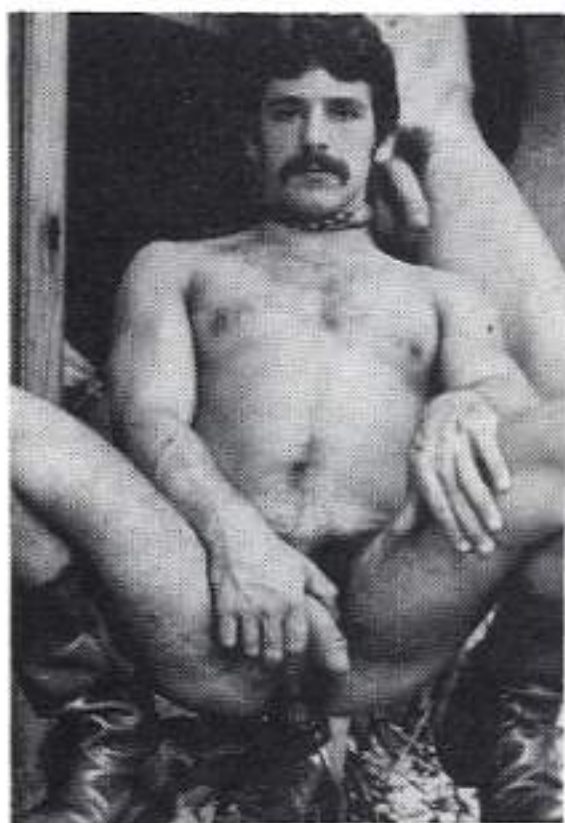
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"Do they ever have sex with women?" The Ik responds unemotionally: "Sometimes, but we're mostly too tired from searching for food."

At The Folger Theatre Group was a ballsy production of Edward Bond's "The Fool." Director Louis Scheeder was either wise, lucky or both to have sexy Paul Collins in the role of poet John Clare. Watching Collins hump Mary (Anne Stone), simulated though it was, just about did me in! Feisty Back Alley Theatre did "Woyzeck," translated and directed by Kim Peter Kovac with a most attractive young cast revelling energetically in those picaresque tavern scenes!

Tom Stoppard's "Dirty Linen" at the West End was outrageously pun-daceous (Stoppard utterly exhausts the possibilities of word play on "cock") and it's behind-the-blackboard bit between Miss Gotobed and Mrs. Embury, M.P., showing only two pairs of female feet was not lost on the gays in the house.

"Let My People Come" opened after press time and is supposed to run through January 22 (at West End), barring interference from our two zealous "obscenity squad" members. Fingers are crossed.

The big news on the bar circuit was the fifth anniversary celebration of The Eagle, which took the happy form, in November, of the opening of a second facility. The Eagle-In-Exile, where the first DC version of NGTF's National Tea Dance occurred. The Eagle has been one of Washington's most popular bars since 1971 and has held one room aside for the leather/Levi crowd, although two other rooms have been available for less "trendy" folk. The Eagle has also been a popular dining spot, but has had no dance floor. The new Eagle-In-Exile will provide that. The bars are owned by Don Bruce, who has befriended the gay community both financially and morally over these years.

—Frank Akers

san francisco

With the 20th edition of the San Francisco International Film Festival behind us, we've come away with disappointingly little to remember.

The only unqualified popular hit of this year's festival was Jack Nicholson, whose appearance was preceded by a remarkably complete and comprehensive selection of clips tracing the Nicholson screen persona from the rock 'n' rolling *Cry Baby Killer* to *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

But best of all was Dyan Cannon, who accompanied *Number One*, the film she wrote and directed. She brought warmth and spontaneity to an otherwise stuffy and rigid affair by responding to her audience with genuine interest and humor.

And speaking of movies, the Castro Theater, which courted Castro St. bar-goers with its new revival policy, has apparently won over the entire Bay Area and is packing the house for the first time in years.

As a follow-up to its current Warner Bros. series, which has included live appearances by Olivia de Havilland and *Yankee Doodle Dandy's* Irene Manning, the management has tentatively lined up a Katharine Hepburn retro and a look at Columbia's films.

The restaurant business is also booming in the Castro area with new eateries sprouting up like ersatz Georgia accents. Latest to open their doors are Giacomo's, an Italian restaurant-cum-pizzeria; the remodeled Neon Chicken; and Caracole, specializing in French dinners.

To ease its seating problems, the Civic Light Opera will inaugurate its 40th season next spring in a new, bigger home — the refurbished Orpheum Theater. Starting off the new season — Debbie Reynolds in a revival of "Annie, Get Your Gun," and Liza Minnelli in "In Person," a new musical by George Furth with music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb.

At The City, Melba Moore in late December and into 1977. The Curran Theater will have Katharine Hepburn in "A Matter of Gravity" through the 30th of December, and Eva La Gallienne in "The Royal Family of Broadway" in late January.

—Bob Apter

miami

The season in Miami Beach has gotten off to a "bang," with more shows than ever before and something for every taste. Nudity abounds.

The Konover Hotel on famed Collins Avenue is presenting George Reich and Leonard Miller's *FANTASTIQUE 77*. It has beautiful girls, lavish costumes, exciting productions and international stars, opening with "Les Femmes Fantastique" and the entire company in feathered costumes that soon vanish.

Well-built David Doyle, a great dancer, moves across the stage with his partner Leslie Mogell in a semi-nude dance ending in a menage a trois when a bare-breasted dancer joins them.

But stealing the show is Glenda Grainger, a well-endowed television star from London, whose rendition of "My Way" brings down the house.

Choreographer George Reich has come up with some of the most clever routines I've seen in a Miami Beach production in many years. Reich has directed many of the largest and most successful extravaganzas in Paris and his credits include the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas, and first revue ever in the Montreal Expo as well as the Latin Quarter in New York.

"Corazon" is the grande finale with the entire company. They are dressed in white costumes with white balls hanging from their pants and legs, and narrow strips of cloth to cover the chests. It is one of the fastest moving productions to play Miami Beach in years. The revue plays through April.

A few miles north of the Konover Hotel at the Americana of Bal Harbour, Barry Ashton's "Paris Enchante" is being performed. Ashton has outdone himself with his 15th show for this Number One showroom on the beach.

The production is played in front of a mylar curtain with Shannon Johnston, exquisite lead dancer and the male dancers opening with "Paris Enchante," the theme song of the show. There is both male and female nudity in the show, with some of the best looking male bodies to be seen in a Beach hotel production.

(continued on page 76)



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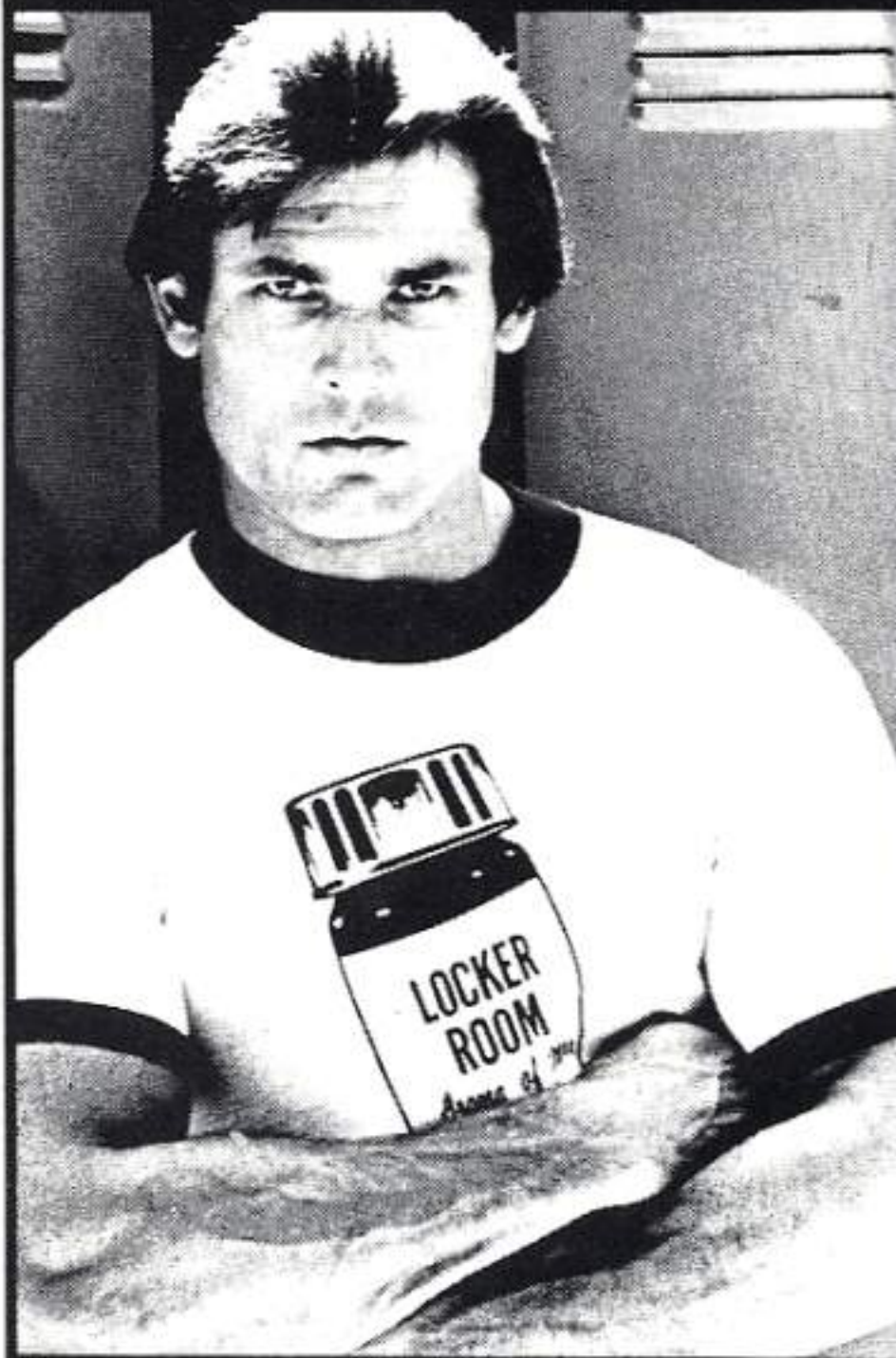
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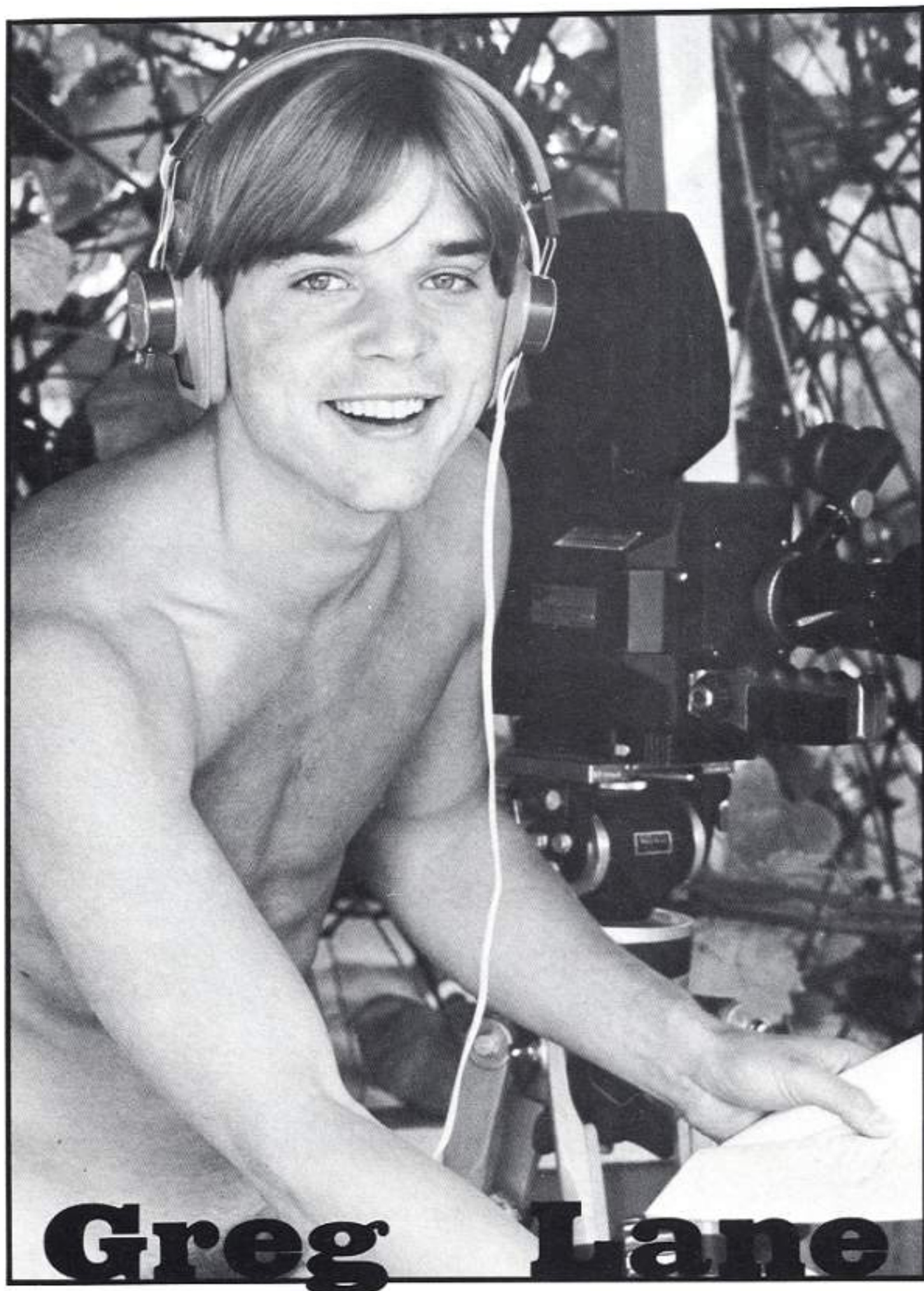
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Words & Pictures by RICHARD SAVAGE

"Oh, fuck! They've hired Mickey Mouse!"

Greg Lane throws back his rumpled blonde head, sea-green eyes laughing mischievously.

"That's what the director said the first time he saw me. We were on location for *La Grande Contree*, a French film done here in British Columbia, and the crew chief had

hired me to do the sound recording. I hadn't met the director and you might know I'd have the damned headset on when he glanced at me.

"He walked over in a funny, stiff kind of way (his right leg had been bitten by a snake a couple of days earlier) and stared at me. Then he said, 'Well, are you any bloody good, kid?' Christ, I must have blushed all



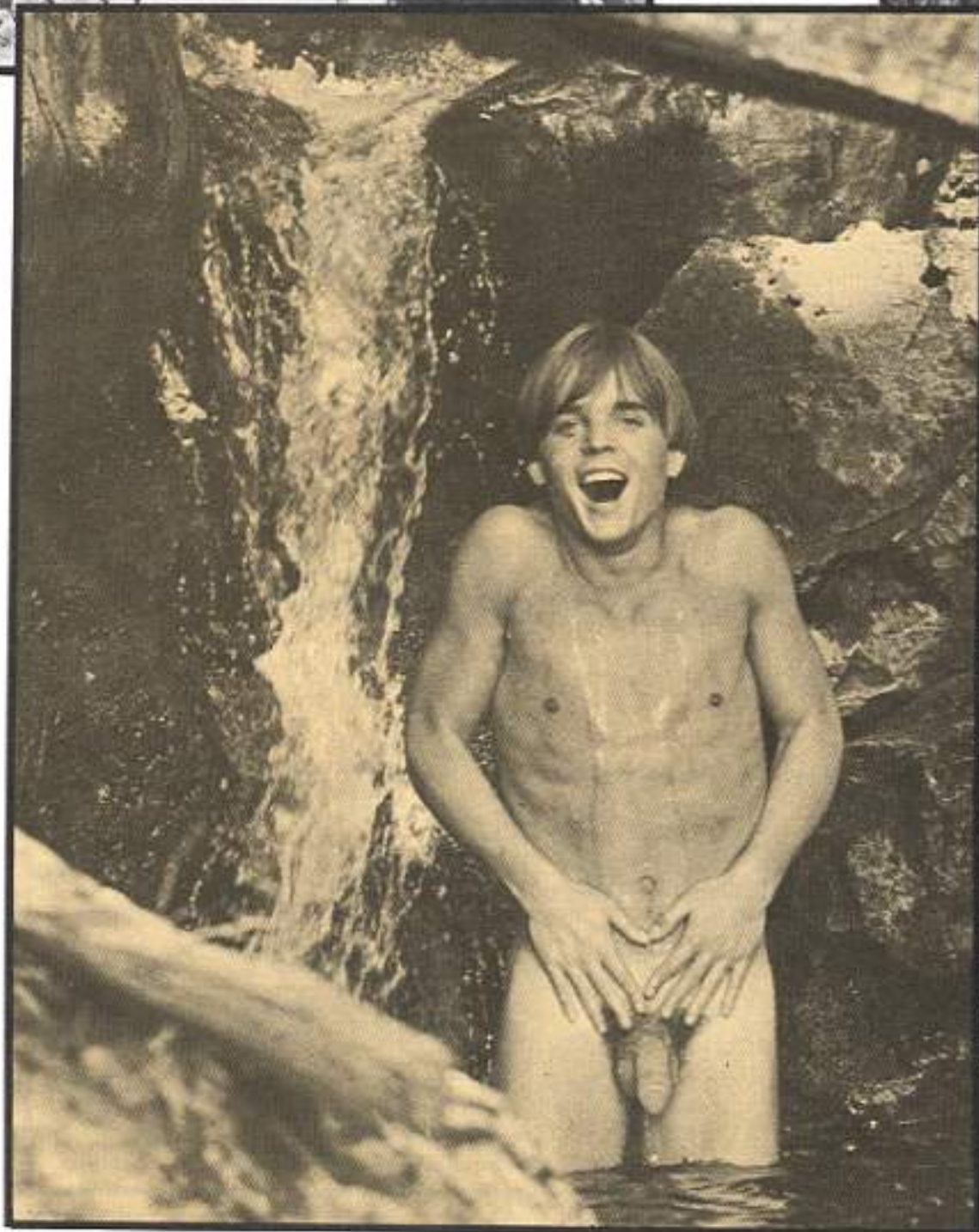
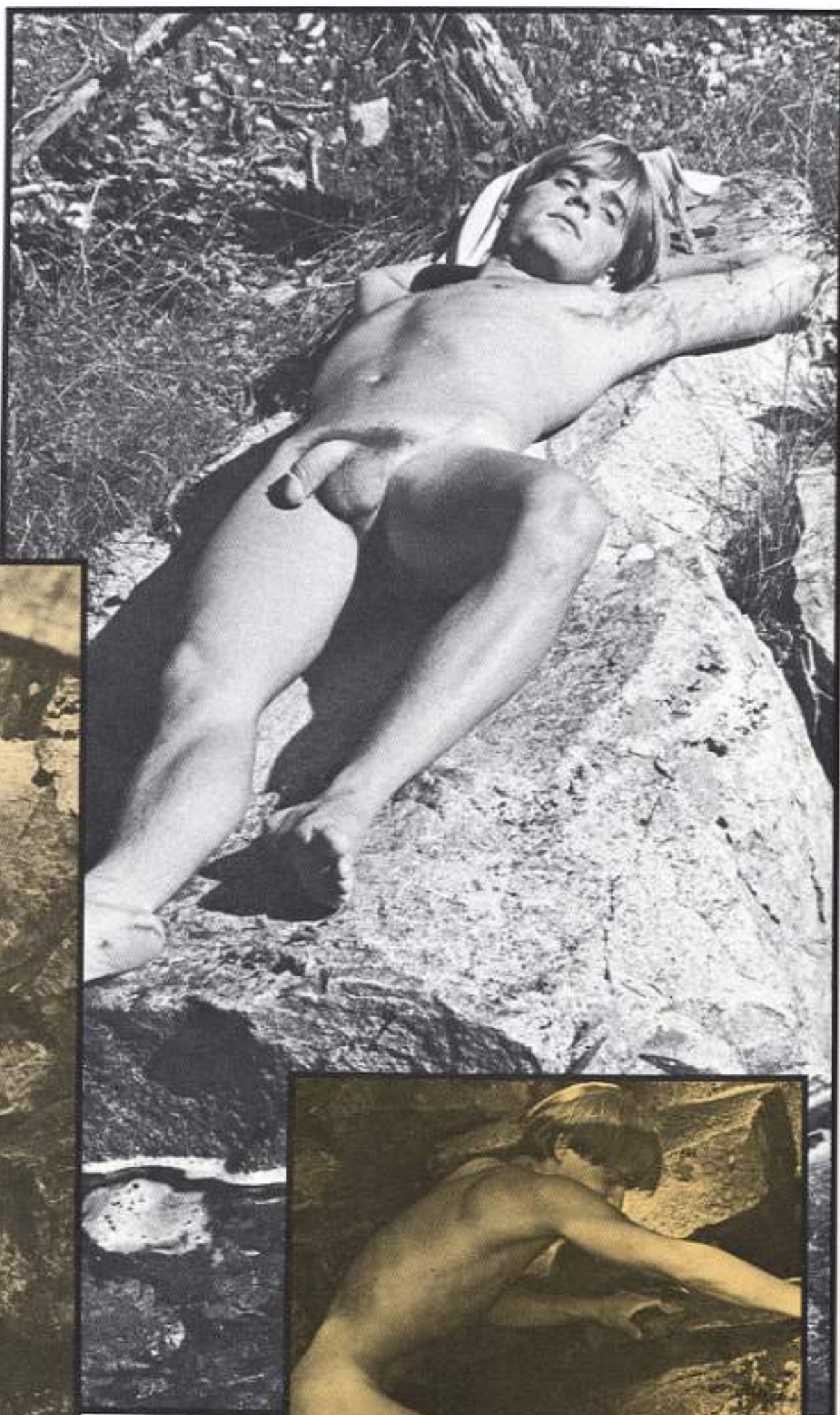
the way to the end of my dick!"

Looking at Greg nude on his balcony, waiting to be photographed, surrounded by grape vines and a pile of expensive equipment he's testing, one can't help think that a blush would have a long way to travel on this guy. Born in the very, very English city of Victoria on Vancouver Island, he has used his 20 young years to good advantage. His body is hunky without being overly muscular, his manner direct and friendly without being familiar, and a love of his work is evident in the way he handles the recording gear about him.

"I was a dropout," he says frankly. "Quit school at 14 and hit the street. But I was lucky. Before I had time to go too far down the drain, I met a great guy who introduced me to all this far-out hardware and I got hooked on it. He taught me the fundamentals and the aesthetics of it; I read a lot, put the career first on my schedule of priorities, and now I'm really happy with what I do."

He picks up a roll of tape, starts talking about optical sound, zero modulation, mixing, dubbing, looping, until he suddenly stops short.

(continued on page 69)





is there life in PITTSBURGH

There is, but just try and find it

By Christopher McGlynn

Pittsburgh gay life started in 1753 when 21-year-old George Washington arrived on the scene with his 47-year-old lover, the Indian scout, Christopher Gist. There can be little doubt that Washington was at least bisexual. He married late — Martha Custis, a wealthy widow — and there were no children. And there is that stubborn and invincible tradition hereabouts that Christopher was getting into George and vice, as they say, versa.

I won't hold you with Chamber-of-Commerce details on museums and art galleries. Like every other metropolis, Pittsburgh has the standard cultural equipment. But the stranger might be impressed by our three rivers. Think of a "Y": the upper two arms are the Allegheny and the Monongahela, which meet at "The Point" to form the Ohio. Within the two arms lies the Golden Triangle — Pittsburgh's downtown. In this town, one always seems to be crossing bridges.

Also exceptional are the funicular railways climbing up and down Duquesne Heights. These scale the precipitous slope on tracks. The cars are tied together so that they balance each other off. As one goes up, the other comes down. There are those who find the trip terrifying.

While statistically — if one allows a million population to Allegheny County, and figuring a conservative one in ten — there are bound to be at least a hundred thousand gays in Pittsburgh, one could never know it from what appears publicly. Pittsburgh is strongly Presbyterian and Catholic. The money is doctrinaire Protestant (Mellons, Heinzes, descendents of the old Iron Masters), so that the hand of Calvin still lies heavy on the town. With such numbers, gay activity should be boiling. But it's not.

Another reason, certainly, is that the town is 41 per cent Catholic — and not your usual sophisticated big-city Catholic, but Polish, Slovak, Lithuanian, and Hungarian Catholic — people of Central European stock still close to their foreign roots, still loaded with peasant modesty, prudishness, and sexual inhibitions. They confess their sins every Saturday and go to Mass every Sunday. The neighborhood in which I am writing this is 85 per cent Catholic and a veritable meatrack. From my front window I can see five Catholic churches, including one German, one Lithuanian, and one Polish. Two churches chime the Angelus from six until midnight, and one church ding-dongs every quarter hour. It's maddening when they start the carols during the Christmas season.

Each year the Polish pastor, in a sort of facts-of-life conference, has to tell his eighth grade: "Now you'll be entering public high school next year. After gym class you will have to shower in groups — just girls with girls and boys with boys. This is not sinful. Have no fears. Just keep your eyes modestly lowered and be quick about it."

As I said, the WASP element in Pittsburgh is heavily Presbyterian — which is no help at all. They are the ones who invented Blue Laws, liquor control, cut off King Charles's head, and turned Scotland dour.

On my first visit to the Club Baths here, I anticipated the happy-go-lucky camaraderie of the baths in San Francisco and New York — the singing, the whistling, the cheerful repartee, the gracious lighting, spectators three deep around the orgy-hassock freely commenting on the spectacular performance forever in progress, hands reaching out either to help the performers or to grope other voyeurs.

Instead, I found a canto from

Christopher Gist

Dante's *Purgatorio*. Silent figures, towels firmly knotted over their amusement section, grimly prowling through faintly lit corridors like souls lost in the night. Silence, even in the TV room — silence, as in church. No voice raised above a whisper. The management provides one dim bulb for the orgy room. It is immediately unscrewed by the patrons. In Pittsburgh, you see, sex is still sinful, shameful, something to be done in the dark and then confessed next Saturday, something to be neither shown nor watched. Brrr. I never went back.

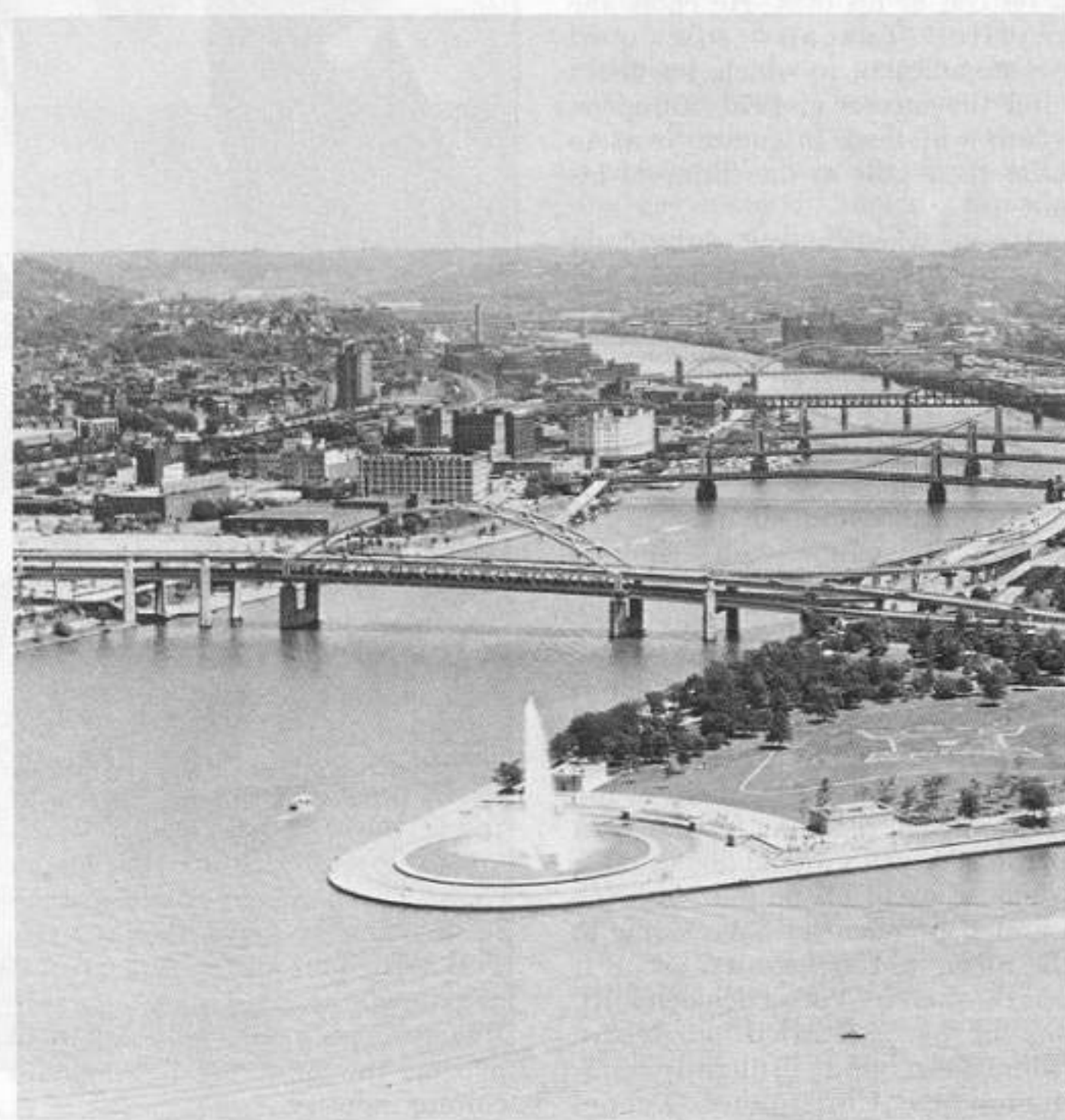
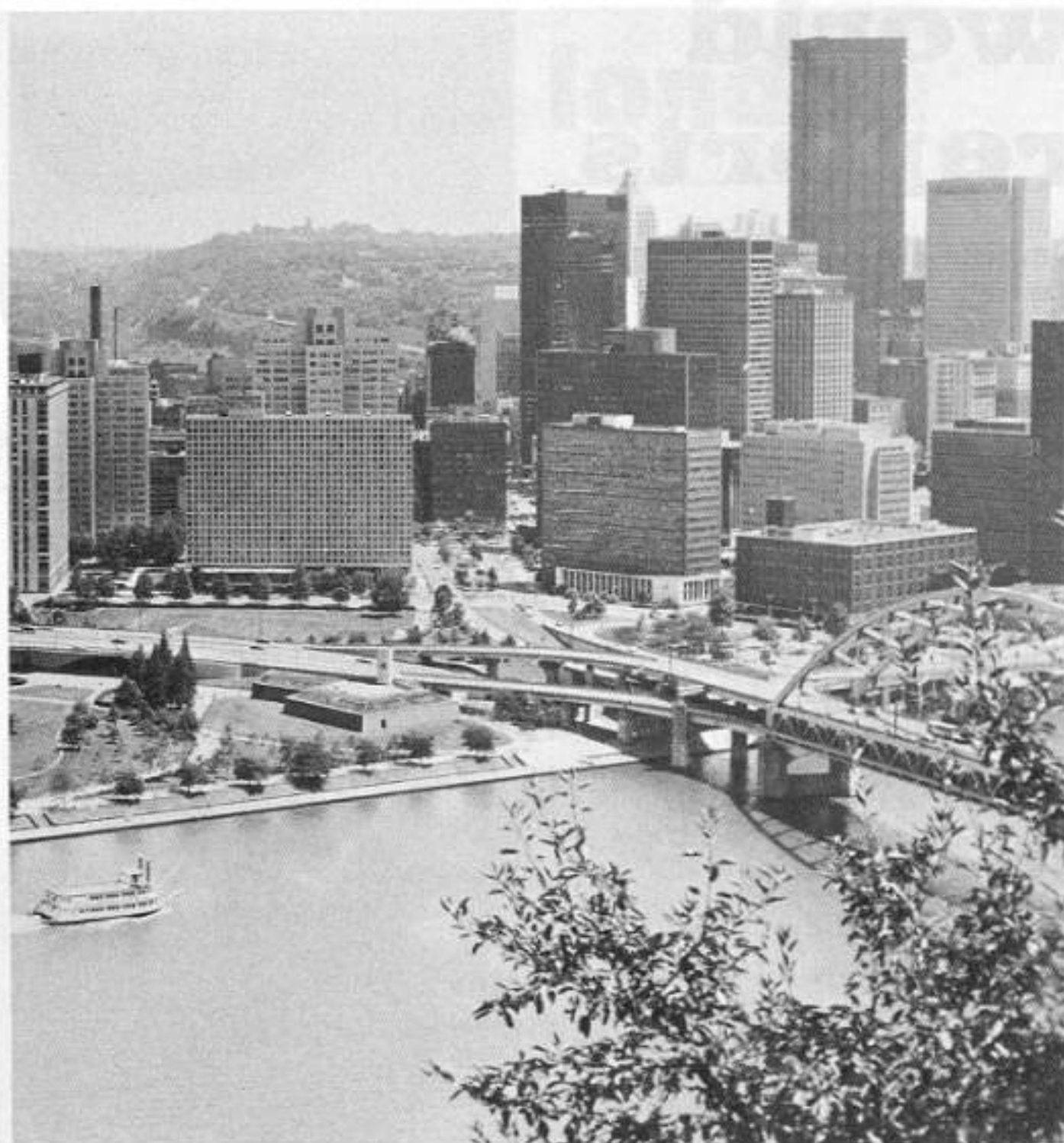
Or it may be that we are still pretty much of a cowtown, flaunting our municipal machismo with the Pirates, the Steelers, and the Pitt football team. Whatever, the fact is that our gay resources are dimly sparse.

Pittsburgh has no gay theater, no gay restaurant — no, not one; no gay clothing store. And the nearest thing we have to gay burlesque occurs at a Solemn Mass when the beautiful choirsters and acolytes come out in drag. We have no gay night club. Oddly, Pittsburghers don't swish. In other towns one can spot the occasional queen on the street twitching his hips and flapping his wrists, and one can get directions from him. But not here.

We have only one gay cinema — a wretched little walkup which treats its patrons with contempt while charging them full price for two hours of shoddy film. The last time I was there I walked out because the feature was a mere paste-up of three different loops worn out and taken off the machines in the arcade below.

Wouldn't you think a hundred thousand gays could support a gay newspaper? But no, Jim Austin tried it for three years with his *Pittsburgh Gay News*, a tabloid typical of other big cities around the country. During those three years not a penny was paid to staff or contributors. All that gallant self-sacrifice, and they could never lift the circulation above three thousand. Time and time again when I would call *PGN* to the attention of other gays, I'd get the response, "Oh, I never read stuff like that. I don't have to. I have my Elmer and he's all I need. We have each other." It adds up to a depressing if stunning degree of moronic illiteracy.

(continued on page 94)



The Golden Triangle, where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers form the Ohio, and (above) the city's skyline.

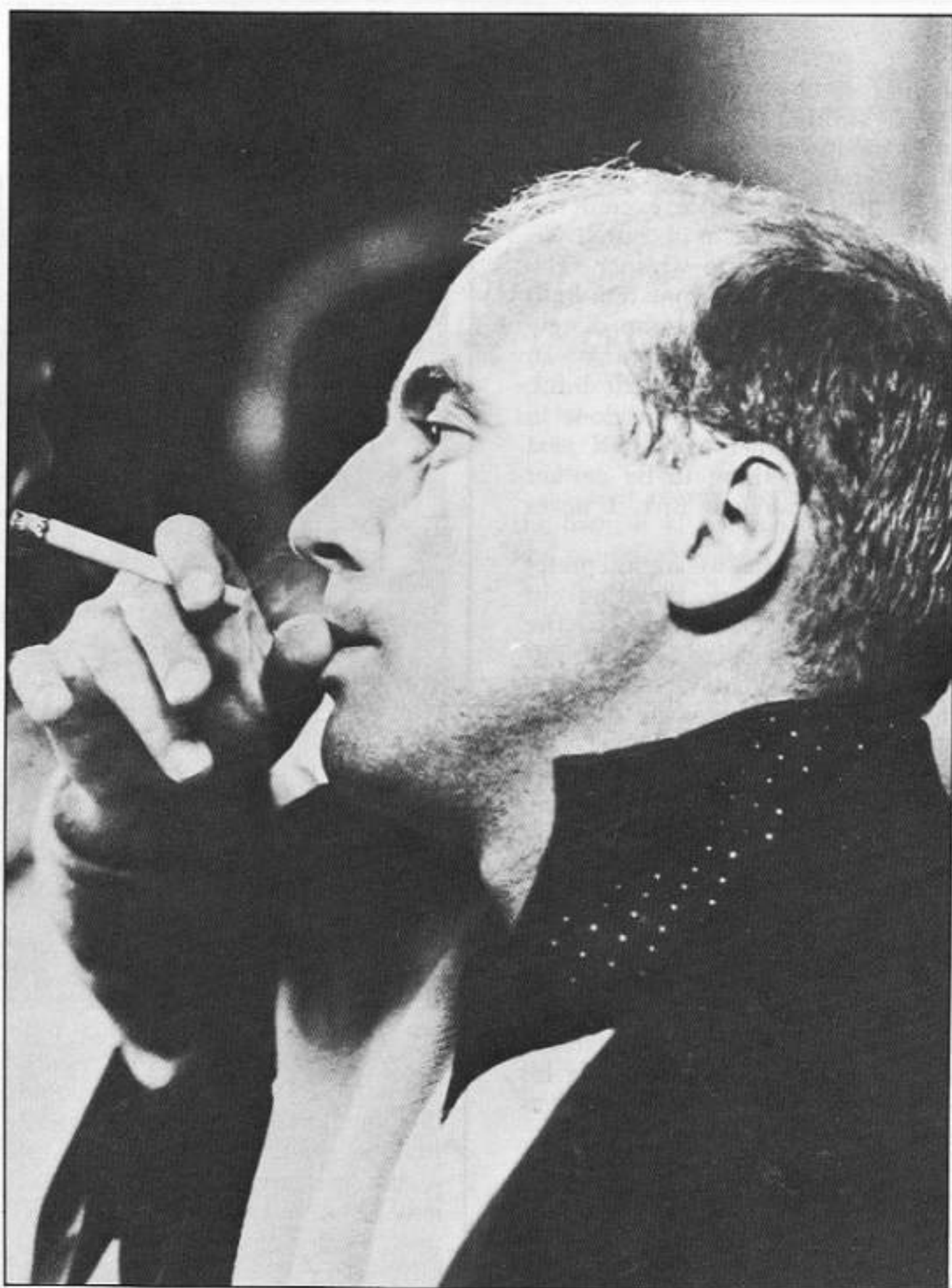
world reports

berlin

On the eve of his quarter bicentennial, German composer Hans Werner Henze, living amidst the Roman *dolce vita* set, has joined the ranks of colleagues Menotti and Britten and established a festival of his own. He chose the idyllic Tuscan town of Montepulciano, to which, no doubt after the success of 1976, European youth will flock in future years to offer their gifts at the shrine of his art.

Henze, who came out of the closet some time ago, is a devoted member of the communist party of Italy. But then, Italian gays of the upper crust have always managed a compromise between their luxurious leanings and their Marxist conscience, as Visconti and Pasolini.

The birthday celebration began early in the summer with a London Henze package, climaxed with the world premiere of his latest opera, "We Come to the River," at the Royal Opera House of Covent Garden, for which Edward Bond concocted the libretto. Hardly that Montepulciano was over, when Henze began planning for the West Berlin Festival, which dedicated a whole week to his output, with the German premiere of "We Come to the River" as the three-star event. It was directed by Volker Schlöndorff, one of our self-styled progressive filmmakers, and brilliantly conducted by Christopher Keene,



Hans Werner Henze

another specimen of that startling American array of up and coming maestros (initiated not so long ago by James Levine, who now heads the staff of conductors at the New York Met).

One wonders how he manages, but the day after Henze already was in Bonn, starting another series of performances of his concert and theatre works, with himself in charge of the production of his "Elegy for Young Lovers" (based on a W. H. Auden libretto) at the Bonn Opera House. For a composer who is such an eloquent spokesman of socialist world revolution, considering it humanity's greatest work of art, Henze seems remarkably expert at making the most of the capitalist culture industry.

He now has capped it all with the publication of his collected essays and interviews in bookform under the title *Music and Politics*. Here he tells us all — how he was brought up in strictly Nazi surroundings, and how he enjoyed himself in the boarding school of the local conservatory, which "behind the back of the Nazi headmaster had developed into a splendid boy brothel." And herein may lay the roots of his newly acquired work of art socialism.

So the more is the pity that one looks in vain for a word of sympathy for those others who dare "to sexually differ from the majority" (his favorite term) in Moscow and Havana.

—Kurt Hiller

sydney

What's interesting about the current crop of Australian films is that while there haven't been any specifically "gay" movies, homosexuality — either openly or in passing — crops up so frequently it's worth mentioning. Three films which come to mind are *Oz*, *Mad Dog Morgan* and *Adam*.

Oz is an updated rock version of *The Wizard of Oz*, but this version has Dorothy as a "groupie" who follows the yellow brick road to catch the final performance of rock superstar, The Wizard. Her travelling companions are a surfer, a bikie and a mechanic who are, respectively, today's versions of the brainless scarecrow, the cowardly lion, and the heartless tin man.

Along the way, all four discover something about each other and a lot about themselves. Dorothy's nemesis is no longer a wicked witch, but a towering truckie whose monstrous machine keeps appearing "Duel"-like above every hill to menace her. The good fairy is just that and he sets

Dorothy on her way to the Wizard and gives her a pair of ruby red shoes to guide her.

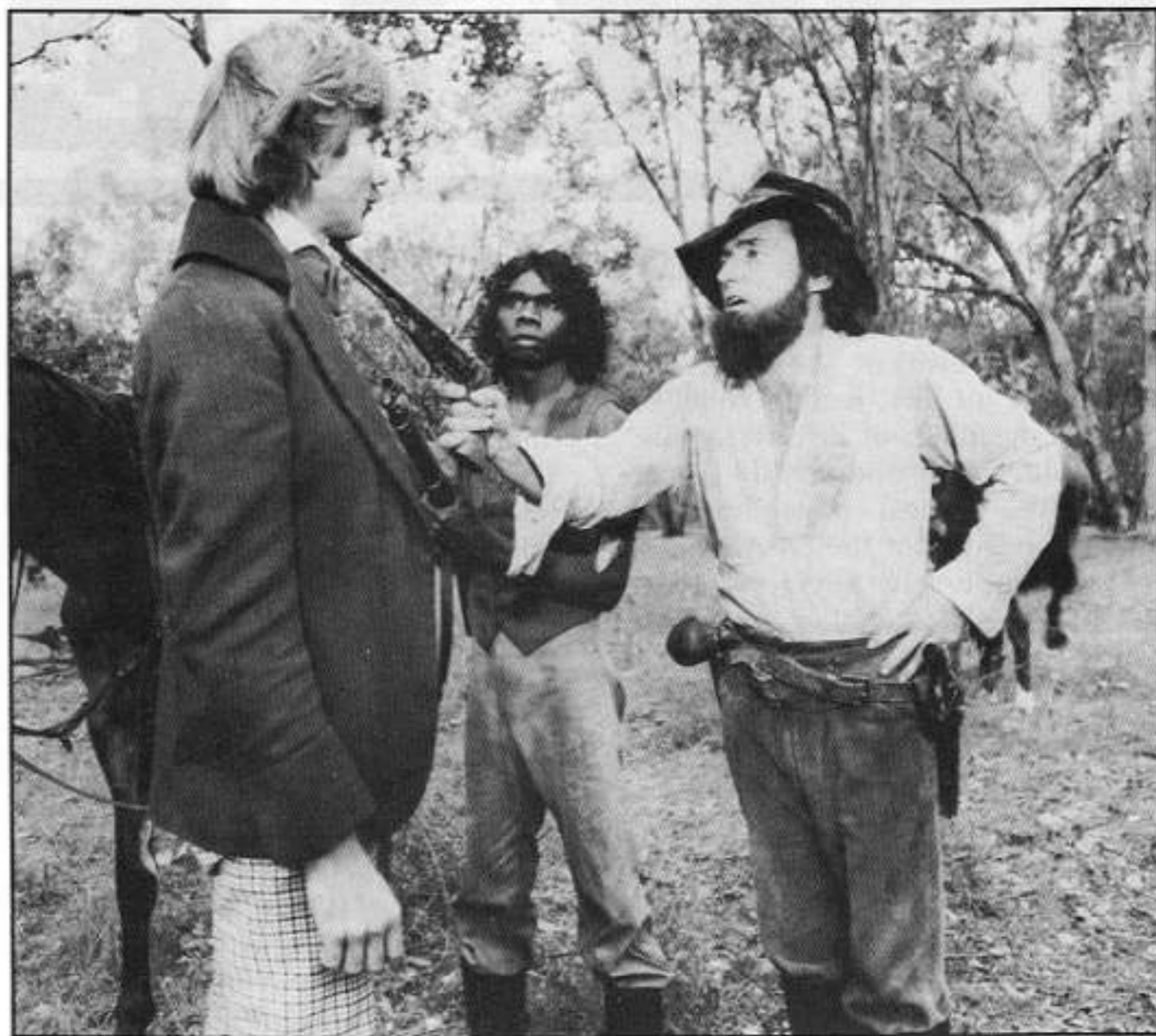
The good fairy is in fact a boutique proprietor who throws a party for Dorothy to which he invites his gay friends. The film was made in Melbourne and many known gays appear as themselves in the party scene.

Not such an amusing movie is *Mad Dog Morgan*, a western about one of our more controversial bushrangers of the 1860s, Daniel Morgan. In her book from which the screenplay was written, Margaret Carnegie puts forth the view that Morgan was, like our better-known bushranger Ned Kelly, a homosexual.

Morgan's bosom pal, Billy, is an Aboriginal, and there is a prison rape scene (of Morgan) which is as frank and shocking as anything of its kind ever seen on the screen.

Adam (a 30-minute film) is about a young man's inability to cope with his own sexuality when confronted with an unfulfilled relationship with an older man. This is one of many short films with a gay theme made in this country, but as far as I'm concerned, it's the best.

—Martin Smith



Dennis Hopper (right) and his aboriginal lover bushranging in *Mad Dog Morgan* (photo by Angus Forbes).

london

(Peter Burton, who's writing the London column while Roger Asquith is Stateside, is an editor and writer and author of the upcoming Rod Stewart biography.)

After a long hot summer, London seems to be settling down to a wet and windy winter. But there are consolations — particularly for Stateside visitors: the crumbling pound makes the exchange rate most welcoming.

Recently opened here is "Carte Blanche" (Phoenix Theatre), a show best described as the sequel to "Oh! Calcutta!" which, incidentally, is now in the seventh year of its London run. "Carte Blanche" has been devised by the same team who put together "Oh! Calcutta!" — Kenneth Tynan and Clifford Williams — and follows a rather similar format.

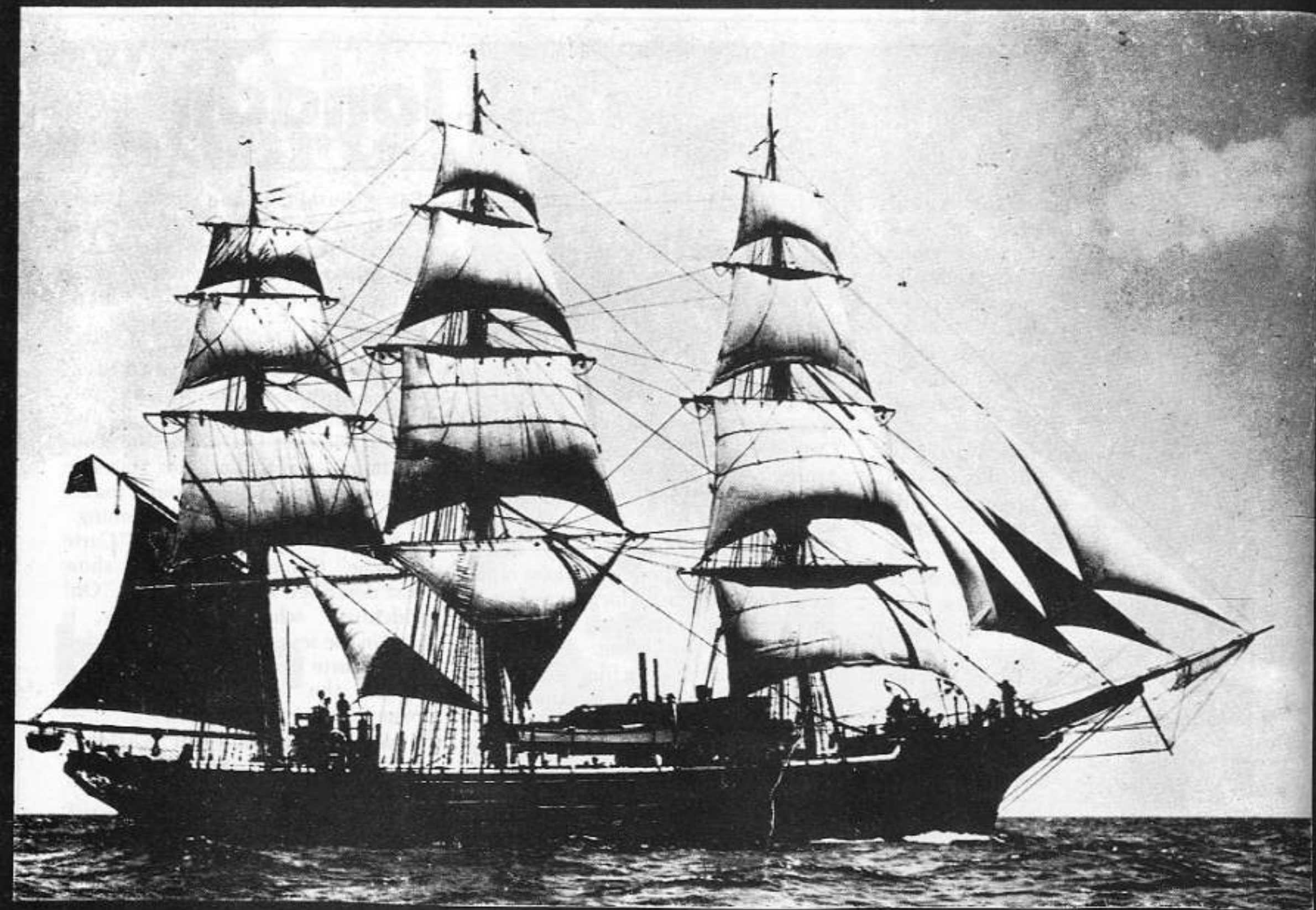
As with all revues, erotic revue suffers from a certain unevenness — notably in the songs and the dialogue. "Rochester Revels," taken from the Earl of Rochester's notorious "Sodom," gets its premiere 300 years late — but is one of the most effective pieces. It's a pity that Tynan and Williams decided to avoid the gay material, though. Equally, the two poems by Paul Verlaine have the right bawdy sense which is sadly lacking from the more contemporary material.

Of current material, the best is "Double Act" — but it is hardly erotic, more a grotesque reminder of the horrors of old age.

Perhaps the main fault of a spasmodically entertaining evening is the sheer lack of eroticism — though for the English, who lack the kind of common or garden blue movies and shows available in L.A. and N.Y., the mere mention of words like "fuck," "cunt" or "cock" is both exciting and, heaven forbid, stimulating.

The choreography in "Carte Blanche," however, is worth catching. Robert North's ballet "Afternoon" is hypnotic and compulsively watchable as is Robert Cohan's "Bike Bang" — a symphony in leather, flesh and hard steel.

(continued on page 70)



MELVILLE

By Robert K. Martin

Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! all the morning long; I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it; I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me; and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-laborers' hands in it, mistaking their hands for the gentle globules. Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget; that at last I was continually squeezing their hands, and looking up into their eyes sentimentally; as much as to say, — Oh! my dear fellow beings, why should we longer cherish any social acerbities, or know the slightest ill-humor or envy! Come; let us squeeze ourselves into each other; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness.

Moby Dick, chap. 94

In these magnificently erotic lines Herman Melville revealed to his readers one of the real meanings of his mysterious, troubling, and undeniably great novel: the radical possibilities of male friendship for the creation of a truly democratic society. Most

"If only Billy and Claggart had squeezed sperm together..."

readers are led astray from Melville's intentions by the very enormity of his splendid tragic hero, Ahab, and Ahab's mad quest for revenge on the white whale (and are perhaps encouraged by the film version, in which man vs. whale becomes practically the only theme).

But Melville's novel is neatly balanced between two heroes and two tales: Ishmael, the orphan and outcast, who abandons his Calvinist sense of rationality to immerse himself in the destructive and to be reborn, through love, and Ahab, the man of heroic dimensions who devotes himself entirely to a single goal of personal power and is lost, tied forever to the very whale he sought to kill. Melville's darkest visions were of the destructive forces of the ego; but his brightest visions were of the primitive, regenerative power of human love, embodied in the image of the Handsome Sailor. Melville's romantic comedy (in Shakespeare's sense) reaches its highest statement in Ishmael's triumphant vision of a world masturbating together. But Melville con-

stantly questioned whether that vision could prevail over a world of darkness, bent upon self-destruction.

As a young man Melville went to sea, because there was no money at home following his father's madness and death, and probably as well because he felt the need to escape the strict and provincial regime of his mother and her family, upon whose charity the Melvilles now depended. Those journeys, particularly the whaling voyage to the South Seas, revealed to Melville another world, far different from the one he had known in Albany. What struck Melville most, as it had also struck Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was the Polynesian idea of *tayo* or *aikane*, the ideal relationship of friends, in which two men swore perpetual friendship, and loyalty. Here there was an alternative to the Victorian family, and a response to Melville's perception that he would be called upon to be husband and father, when what he deeply desired was to be a lover.

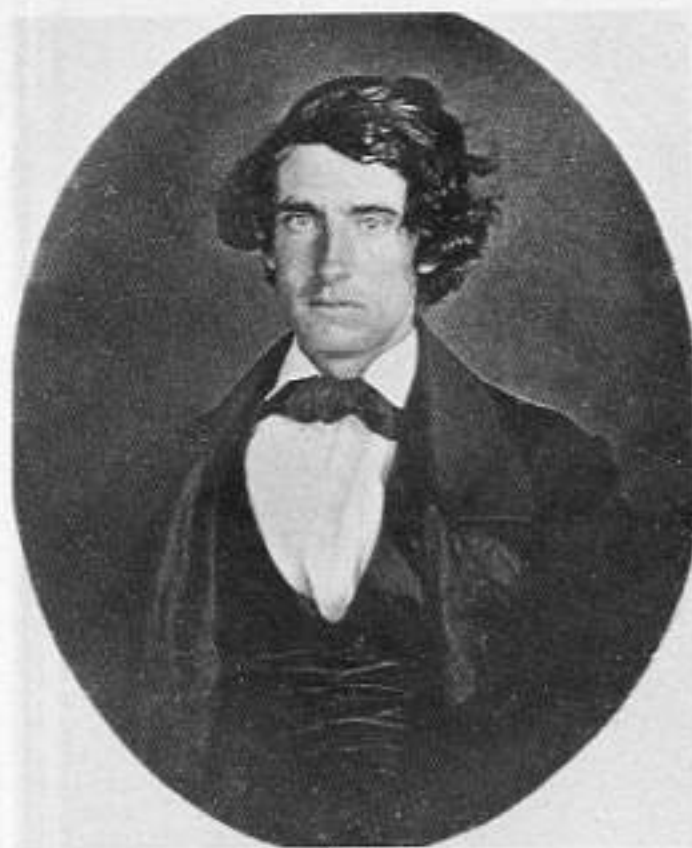
Melville's first novel *Typee* presented the hero (a hardly fictionalized Melville) with two male companions. The first of these was Toby, based on the real-life Richard Tobias Greene. Toby is depicted as a dark-skinned rover, a free spirit, symbolizing for Melville adventures and a half-way position between the paralysis of civilization and the cannibalism of a truly primitive society. The middle position was what Melville always strove for. No doubt his vision of that "rover" was colored by his memories of "Toby" Greene, whose daguerrotype he kept with him until his death, and to whom he addressed a nostalgic poem late in his life, recalling their roving together to "authentic Edens in a Pagan Sea." (In the poem, "To Ned," Melville calls Toby "Ned Bunn," thereby making what is probably an erotic pun.)

The second companion is the dark lover (a figure found in many of Melville's works), here called Marnoo and depicted as a Noble Savage, with "matchless symmetry of form," like "an antique bust." The narrator and Marnoo form a friendship along the lines of the Polynesian *tayo* custom, and are joined together in what amounts to a marriage, but without the negative aspects of heterosexual marriage.

The marriage of a white man, largely intellectual and civilized, with a darker lover, representative of a primitive order of knowledge, is

one of the most sustained myths of American literature, occurring in the novels of Cooper (Natty and Chingachgook) and Twain (Huck and Jim) as well as in more popular forms such as the Lone Ranger and Tonto, Mandrake and Lothar, and even Batman and Robin (and of course giving rise to the delightful take-offs in *The Song of the Loon* and its sequels). The myth may mean nothing more than the reconciliation of mind and body, of the ability to think and the ability to feel, but it is significant to note that most other versions of that myth deal with the male/female relationship, whereas in America the relationship is almost always between two men.

Melville's fullest treatment of a male marriage occurs in the New Bedford section of *Moby Dick*, when Ishmael discovers he is to share a bed with Queequeg, the ship's har-



Richard Tobias Greene, the "Toby" of *Typee*

pooner, and the son of a Polynesian king. Ishmael is frightened at the thought, since he has the usual prejudices against "savages." (In an interesting deliberate error, Melville gives Queequeg a tomahawk, appropriate only to North American Indians, and thereby makes him symbolically the Indian whom the white man ought to have "married" rather than to have destroyed.) Ishmael is torn between his Calvinist ideas of sin (reinforced by Father Mapple's sermon) and his humanist — and human — instinct to treat Queequeg as a fellow human being and to allow the expression of love between them. Fortunately, Queequeg and Ishmael smoke together (the other side of the tomahawk, as love is the other side of the coin of hatred and violence), and in their new-found

euphoria (what was in that pipe?!) Ishmael responds positively as "he pressed his forehead against mine, clasped me around the waist, and said that henceforth we were married; meaning, in his country's phrase, that we were bosom friends; he would gladly die for me, if need should be."

In this novel of the lust for power and vengeance, Queequeg alone can act in a manner of spontaneous generosity and friendship. He saves the life of a young greenhorn who has just insulted him even before the ship sets sail and he ultimately saves Ishmael's life, by means of the coffin. But he also saves Ishmael's spiritual life, by demonstrating his unbounded capacity for love, the ultimate redemptive force. Ishmael's desire for death derives from his state of isolation, his radical loneliness, and Ishmael teaches him that "it's a natural, joint-stock world, in all meridians. We cannibals must help these Christians." In this Queequeg is far more "Christian" than the professed Christians of the world.

The vision of masturbation, or sperm-squeezing, with which this essay began, is derived from Melville's democratic vision (very much like the one presented by Whitman a few years later), and demonstrates that Ishmael has learned the meanings offered to him by Queequeg. In terms of the whaling journey, the search for whale oil, the crew's enjoyment of "squeezing" is irrelevant. What counts is bringing home the bacon, or sperm in this case. But Ishmael and the others do not see the sperm as an economic product, a means to wealth. Instead they see it as a field of pleasure, a great vat of sperm. Here are the most revolutionary implications of Melville's vision. Sperm-squeezing, masturbation, homosexuality — all are uneconomic. They create no product, serve no other end. What Melville recognized was that homosexuality would always be subversive, since it provides no additional population and refuses to subordinate sexual pleasure to the "need" for procreation. The world of Ahab, with his drive for power and his sense that sexuality can only be expressed through phallic aggression, and the world of the ship's owners, who have totally renounced pleasure in the search for profit, cannot be reconciled with the world of Ishmael, who in his rapture of sperm "forgot all about our horrible oath" and

(continued on page 67)

Photo courtesy of The Berkshire Athenaeum



BUNNS, G



The Vatican insisted on fig leaves on all statues with male genitalia. Certainly, any beauty they may have is only in the eye of the beholder — this shriveled tassle, this wrinkled sac with its two unevenly hung spheres of flesh. But the derriere needs no drape, for in all the world there is nothing more beautiful than a well-formed bottom: the magnificent sweep of the curves, the straight lines and helices, the mystery of it all, for that little rosette — “the adorable anus,” as the Italians call it — is nature’s best concealed secret.

I have been recognizably anal since five, when I had my first adventure in sexuality. It involved the backside. I can remember, in third grade, musing over the magnetism of the derriere. Even then, at eight, I was dreaming of it constantly, of exposing mine to others and examining theirs. Why the bottom? Why not the chest, the armpits, the stomach? Should I ask Sister Mary Alice? But no, reason advised me that this preoccupation of mine was better kept to myself, for it was at best indelicate and associated somehow with the bathroom.

The reason for the magnetism is of course that the anus is the sexual entrance to his body, guarded by those twin globes which are the male analogue of the breasts, capable as they are both of arousal and of arousing. Did ever a jewel have so glorious a setting! Sexually precocious, even in childhood I sensed this instinctively. But a hidden jewel and “nature’s best concealed secret”: At boarding school I noticed — with understandable regret — that when undressing in the dormitory, my fellow students would invariably prefer to expose their front rather than their back.

This fixation of mine naturally persisted through adolescence into maturity. Postal and community standards, while abhorring the genitalia until quite recently, have always somehow tolerated the derriere. To this day the prudes will put, not a kilt, but a figleaf on a nude statue.

Accordingly, I had no end of visual satisfaction from statues, paintings, and photographs. This began in grammar school when the librarian noticed and praised my devotion to Dante's *Divine Comedy*. But it was not the text I was studying; it was the

GLORIOUS

by Jack Driver

nude figures engraved by Gustav Dore to illustrate the *Inferno*.

Not until 1970 did it become permissible to publish pictures of the genitalia, and with that, the whole scene changed. My favorite gay publication had hitherto been thronged with buttocks — some round and rosey, some muscular — almost intimidating, buns long and horsey, buns like grapefruit and basketballs. It was an analyst's delight.

But with the relaxation of censorship, the derriere virtually disappeared and the magazine filled with studs whose beauty was apparently determined not by their hair, face, and general musculature, but rather by the length and thickness of their mentula. The editor was clearly not just penile, but freaked out on size. All right. But he was imposing his own sexual preference on his readership.

When I wrote to him and pointed this out, I got back a rather supercilious statement that all gay sex must necessarily focus on the penis and that my own interest in the anus made me something of an oddball among gays.

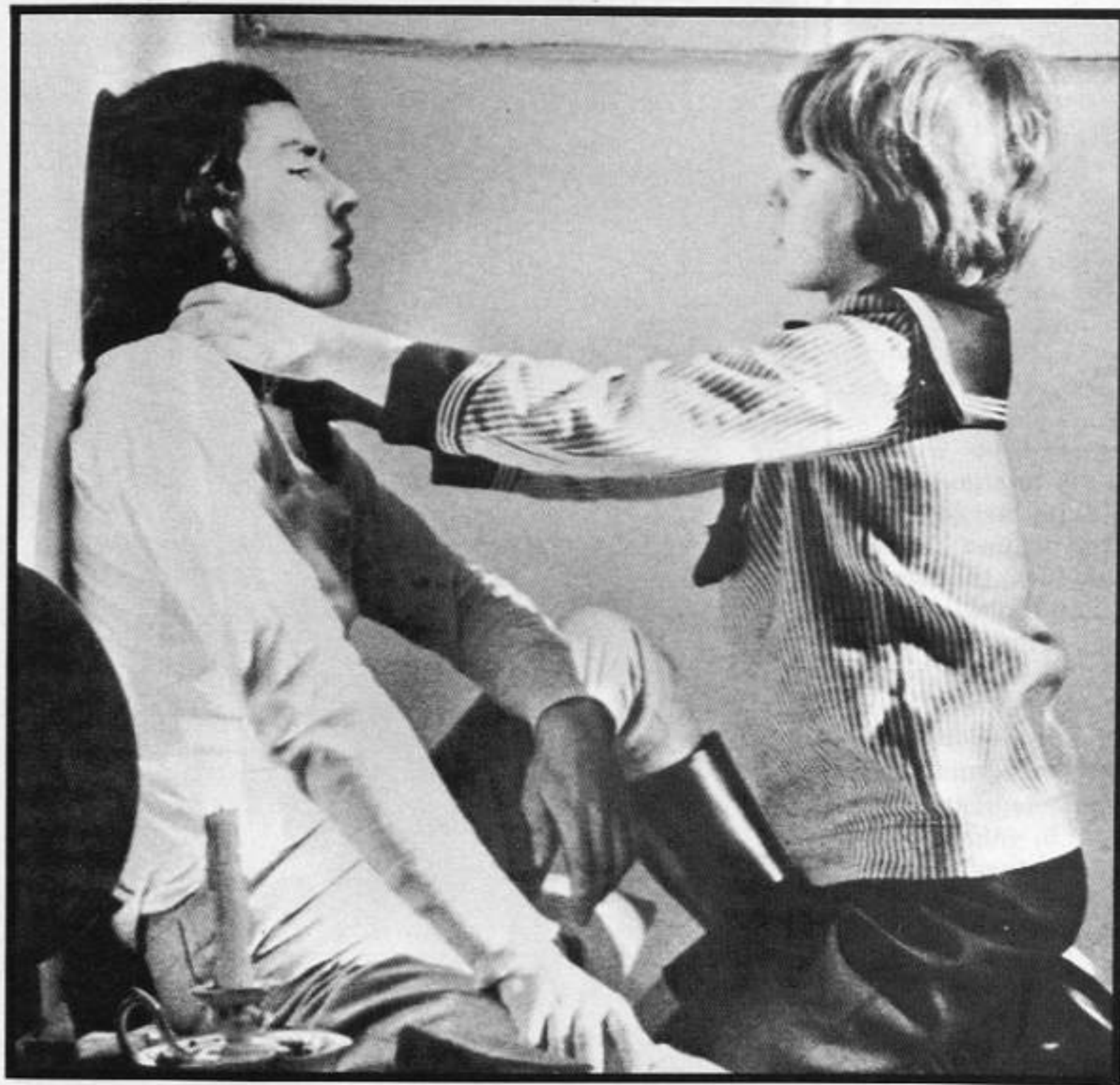
In actual fact, however, throughout the world and from time immemorial, anal penetration has been the accepted, the usual, the



FRENCH CINEMA

(The boys therein)

By Peter Adams



The Conformist, 1970

“Anti-homosexuals,” a French friend is fond of saying, “should get down on their knees and thank God that gays exist; otherwise the world would be so overcrowded people wouldn’t be able to breathe.” This kind of feeling is typical of remarks being bandied about by Parisian gays ever since they decided to come out of the closet. Another indication of the “let it all hang out” attitude is in the

French cinema, where gay characters are becoming more and more common.

Miss O’Gynie Et Les Hommes Fleurs, a Belgian film which first appeared on Paris screens in 1974, is one of the more interesting pictures with a homosexual theme, treating its subject both honestly and intelligently. A young woman tries to regain her lover who is living in the country with another young man. She fails,

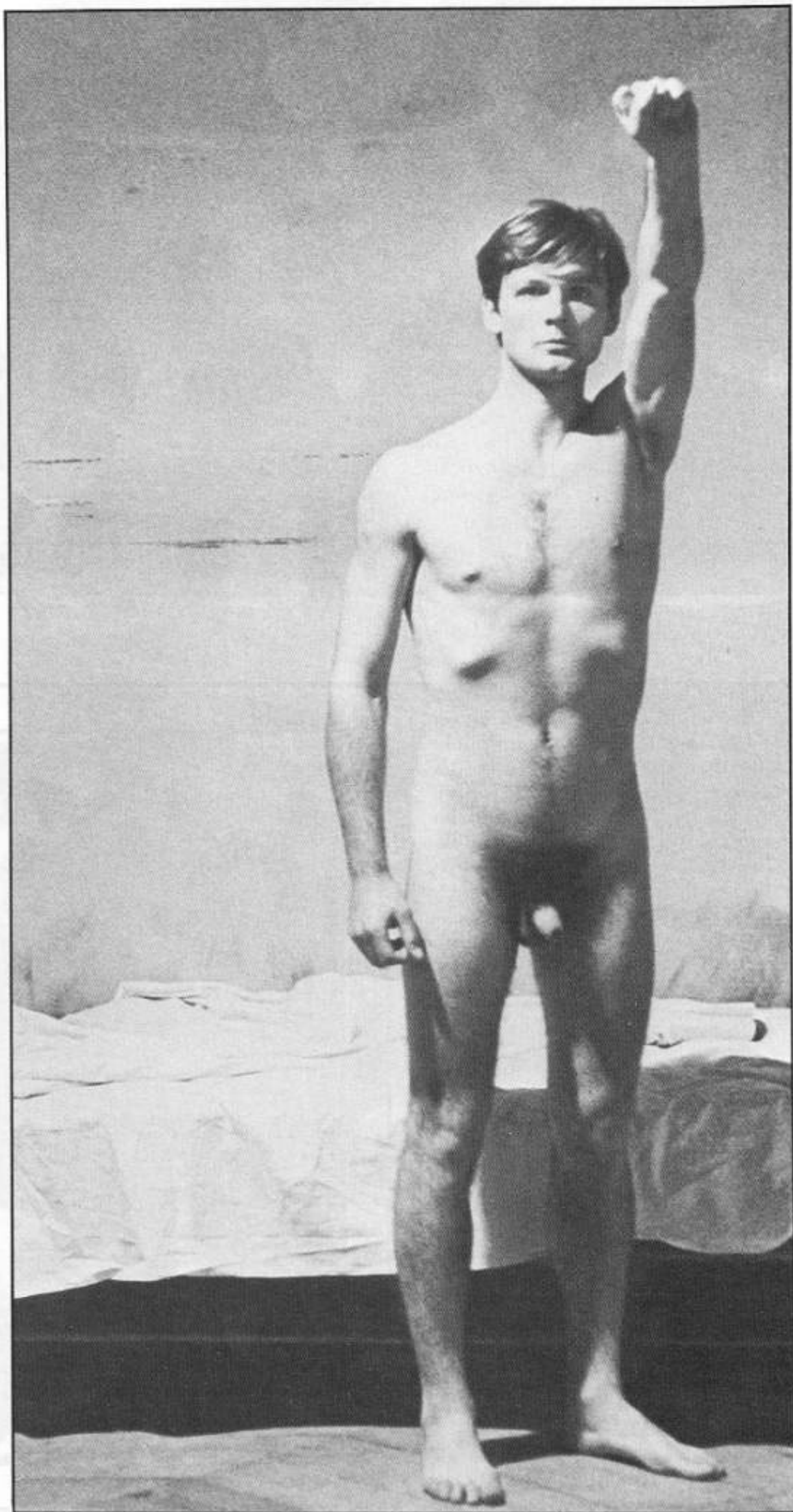
but in failing she begins to understand his "need." The two part friends, only to meet again, this time he with a new lover.

Tenderness Of The Wolves by Ulli Lommel, a rather peculiar German film which came to Paris in 1975, is supposedly based on a true story that took place in Germany in the '20s. A homosexual "vampire" seduces young boys, ravishes them and then sells their flesh to a little restaurant across the street. The film is bizarre and over-exaggerated but not without its moments. Surprisingly enough, the acting isn't bad. And some of the young boys are delectable indeed; however, whether they're worth eating, in the literal sense of the word, is another story.

Claude Miller's *La Meilleure Façon De Marcher*, hailed by *La Nouvel Observateur* as "la premiere grande revelation of the year," tells of the conflict between two counsellors at a summer camp — one a delicate would-be thespian (Patrick Bouchitey) who likes to dress up in women's clothes and the other an arrogant jock (Patrick Dewaere) who'll do anything to prove his masculinity. Bouchitey's attraction for the athlete is obvious, but it's amusing to watch Dewaere who little by little becomes more interested in Bouchitey and begins to question and re-evaluate his own masculinity. Of course, low-key homosexual camaraderie among athletes is rather common; and with this in mind, Miller makes his point with clarity, poignancy and humor.

Hommes Entre Eux was billed as the first hard-core French homosexual film which opened at a sleazy cinema on the Right Bank this past summer and has been playing there ever since. Trying to get a "good" hard-core film with an interesting and believable story apparently is as hard as trying to get Richard Nixon to admit he's a crook.

It's a total disappointment in every respect; and simply because it happens to be the first French gay hard-core film is no excuse for the terrible acting, elementary camera work and non-existent story. Fucking in films is all right and certainly has its place, but I should dearly like to be spared fucking for fucking's sake, especially when it's being done by unattractive people.



Pasolini's *Salo*, 1975

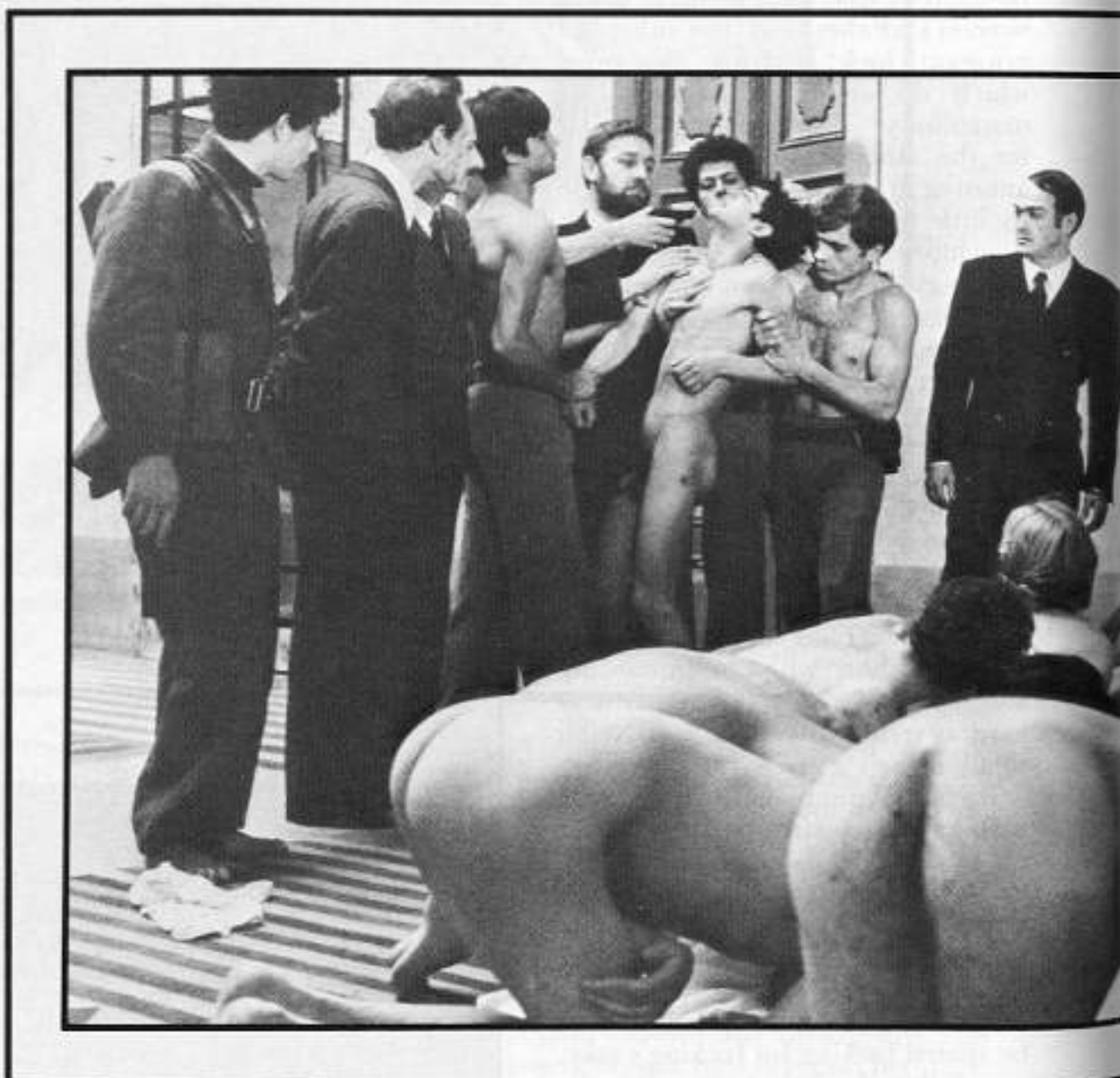


Pasolini's Salo

Johan, Carnet Intime Homosexual, another gay film which appeared on Paris screens this year, is infinitely better than *Hommes Entre Eux*. It's the story of a young cineaste whose lover has been sent to prison and who decides to film "les milieux homosexuels." The actors are rather attractive although their emoting leaves much to be desired; and the story line lacks cohesion. But it's not boring and the lovemaking is done in good taste. For director Philippe Vallois, this is a good beginning.

Jean Louis Trintignant, one of France's most popular actors (*A Man And A Woman*, *Z*, *The Conformist*) is an enigma, particularly in the roles he undertakes and in real life too. His characterizations are cold, lonely; he's apart from what's happening around him; he has difficulty smiling and when he does it's a mere shadow of a smile, embarrassed, uncertain. He's unsure of his own sexuality and he's afraid in the sense that people who say they detest homosexuals are afraid.

David Thomson says in his *A Biographical Dictionary Of The Cinema* that Trintignant's "diffidence" led him into "increasingly detached voyeuristic characters" culminating in his "magnificent scuttling assassin" in



Pasolini's Salo

The Conformist. What Thomson fails to say is that Trintignant in this film is fighting his own homosexuality. As a young boy, his chauffeur tries to seduce him but Trintignant shoots him before the chauffeur actually touches him. This experience haunts him until the last reel.

Trintignant also played in another film involving homosexuality, *Disco*... *Un Soir A Diner*, although again he took no active part. It was only until this year, in *La Femme Du Dimanche*, that he played homosexuality openly. In one scene he shouts at his lover: "I gave up women because they're ball breakers — but you're worse." But it's difficult to sympathize with Trintignant; it's easier to sympathize with his lover, who comes across as more vulnerable and easier to understand.

La Femme Du Dimanche, which also has Jacqueline Bisset as

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La Femme Du Dimanche, which also has Jacqueline Bisset and

Marcello Mostrianni in principal roles, concerns the murder of a loathsome architect who is beaten to death with a stone phallus. No one is sorry, but everyone is suspect — even Trintignant and his lover. Trintignant plays his usual self — indifferent, uncaring, totally outside of himself, uncommitted. At the end of the film his lover is also brutally murdered, leaving Trintignant alone again to walk the earth in search of himself.

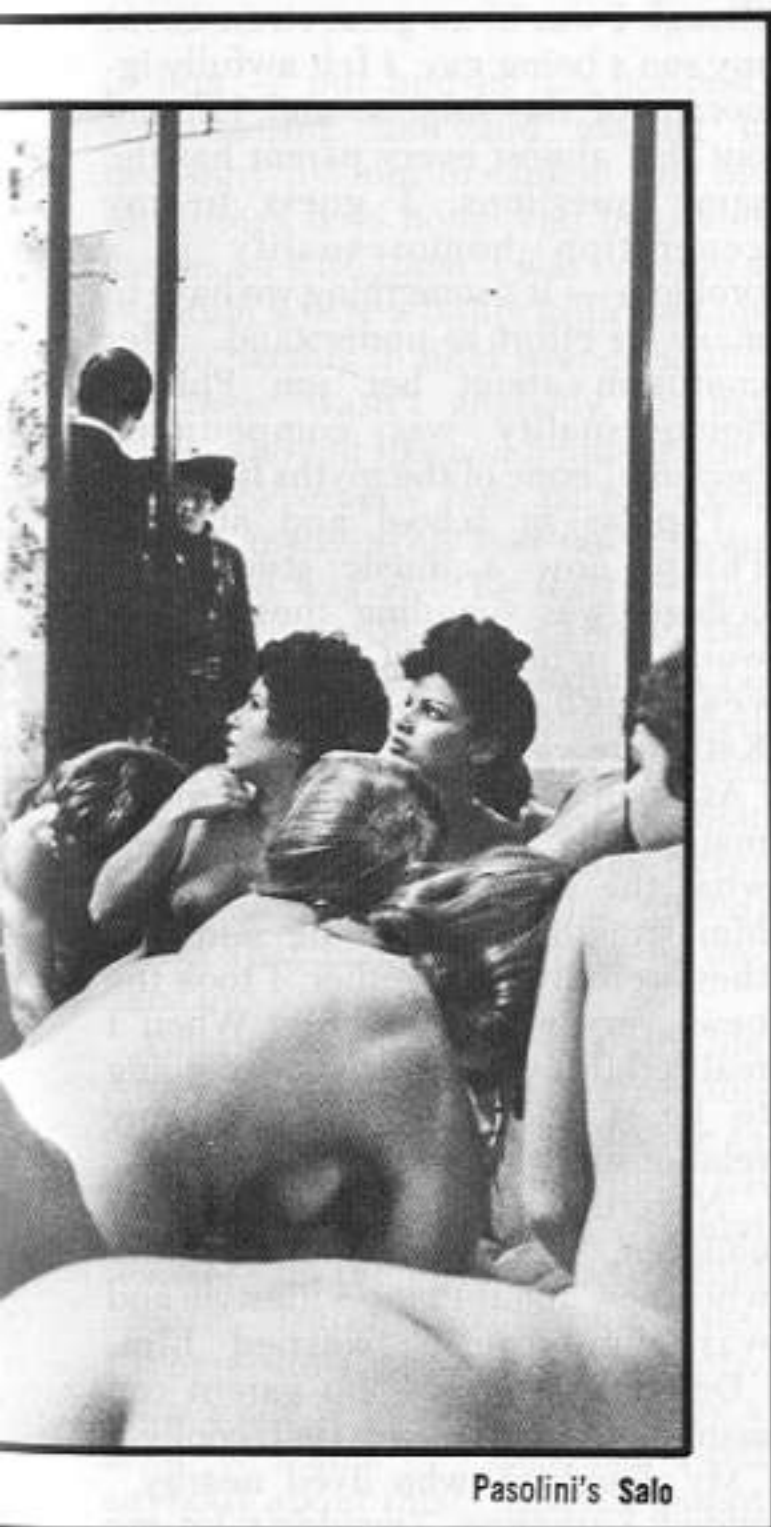
Salo or 120 Days of Sodom, Pasolini's last film, is one of his most shocking pictures. This Italian-French co-production which has been playing here since August has all of Paris in an uproar. Boys and girls are savagely fucked, people eat shit and boys are hideously tortured to death.

Pasolini loosely bases his film on the three volumes of de Sade but in a

modern setting — in Salo, a small town outside Rome during Mussolini's reign. Never one to pass up the opportunity to film nude boys, Pasolini equates Mussolini's Fascism with de Sade's degradation. Understandably, the film was banned in Italy.

It's one thing to be fucked, but quite another to eat shit and have your cock cut off or your pec branded. The film is divided into three parts: Circle of Pleasure, Circle of Shit and Circle of Blood. Three middle-aged lecherous libertines gather up all the good-looking boys and girls in town and cart them away to a castle in the country where the "festivities" begin. It's not for the faint-hearted.

• • •



Pasolini's Salo



Pasolini's Salo

the "Coming Out" of PARENTS

By Richard Stanley

There's an adage among gays that goes: "Mothers always know." This adage, as any other, is true — sometimes. "I was shocked, and I'm afraid I just went to pieces when my daughter told me," recalled Charlotte Spitzer, glancing up from her coffee mug and looking California chic and comfortable in jeans and a T-shirt.

"I'd considered myself a very sophisticated woman who had known a number of homosexuals all through my life. I never thought a thing of it. Homosexuals were people like other people who just happened to have a different lifestyle. But when it happened to me it really hit me emotionally, and I was surprised at my reaction. There's always a difference between something out there and something that hits home. I was determined I was going to find out as much as I could about the subject, so I started to read and attend panel discussions and talk to people about it."

One of those she talked with was Don Kilhefner, the director of Los Angeles' Gay Community Services Center. At his urging she began to attend a few of the GCSC-sponsored parent rap sessions. The program was poorly publicized and lacked continuity — after a few meetings most of the parents left.

One evening the gay woman who was co-ordinating the meeting turned and told her, "You should be up here leading this group."

Charlotte agreed, "When you finally come right down to it, when you need help the worst, you want it most from someone pretty much like yourself who's gone through the same battle. I felt that I, as a heterosexual, could be reassuring to

other heterosexual parents who are facing the same thing I went through."

Still, there were obstacles that cut down attendance at GCSC meetings. Parents who were still recoiling from the jolting news of their children's homosexuality were offish when they encountered gay flamboyance on view at the center. "And to be frank," Charlotte added, "some of them were nervous about the police. Chief (Edward) Davis is a real threat to the homosexual community, and a lot of the parents were nervous about going to the center. It's too bad, but understandable."

Using her natural gift for organization, as well as determination and a facile and articulate mind, Charlotte installed a hotline for fellow parents of gays in her San Fernando Valley home. Word spread about the hotline, and Charlotte Spitzer became for many anguished parents the woman to call for support. With their permission she began a mailing list of their names and eventually monthly meetings.

Over the past nine months the group has grown slowly to over a hundred parents—the "coming out" of a parent of a gay is often as agonizing as the child's ordeal. All the parents' pangs of guilt, anger, frustration, and inadequacy are exacerbated by the same taboos society applies to their children. But when a parent's sympathies lie more with the child than himself, the results come swiftly and dramatically.

The first step is to make the call — and then attend one of the meetings. Initially most parents arrive sheepishly and with a tentative mood — one of "I'm not sure if I'm in the right place, but let's see . . ." In a

short while they're sharing feelings with other parents. The first meetings produced a ripple effect: parents come away glowing and telling other parents, "Hey I was both figuratively and literally, and look at me now!"

One parent who was caught up in the ripples of the first meeting was Katherine (a pseudonym). A former schoolteacher with a sweetly gentle sensitivity, she confided, "Even though I was in no great stress about my son's being gay, I felt awfully ignorant of the subject, and I found out that almost every parent has the same questions. I guess to my generation homosexuality is a problem — it's something we have to make an effort to understand." Her confusion about her son Philip's homosexuality was compounded because "none of the myths fit him."

Popular in school and athletic, Philip, now a music student in college, was spending the summer working in northern California a few years ago. At his suggestion Katherine visited his summer home. "As soon as I met Philip's roommate," she remembered, "I knew what the relationship was. I asked him straight out, and he said yes, they were living together. I took the news very well — calmly. When I realized this was the way it was going to be, I had to decide what my relationship to him would be."

Nevertheless, one of her other children, a heterosexual daughter who knew about Philip's lifestyle and was sympathetic, warned him, "Don't be fooled — no parent can assimilate that much, that coolly." "My daughter, who lived nearby," added Katherine, "wouldn't let me go home until I'd talked about

Philip. What she did was very important to all of us. I've had a lot of support from my children, and even though a family may support you, a parents' group is a great help."

Katherine has continued to spread good news about the parents' group. Her best friend, also the mother of a gay son, and her ex-husband now attend the meetings regularly. "Philip's father and I are friends in a distant sort of way," she says. "I respect him for really caring for his children."

Another father, Katherine recalled, reacted in a not uncommon manner, like Krakatoa in full eruption, "shouting how his son did this

child's being gay is just a phase that he'll get over if he stops going around with the wrong crowd. If the denial fails, angry questions ensue such as: "Why me, why my kid? I'm not such a bad person to deserve this

Another father reacted ... like Krakatoa in full eruption.

am I?" Finally parents adjust themselves to the situation, as Katherine and Charlotte did, and ask, "What do I really want for my child?"

Happiness is the answer, but despite all her "liberal and sophisticated" attitudes the process took several months for Charlotte on her own. The support shared by the group has eased many parents on down the road to reconciliation and understanding quickly. The key, she believes, is that the group grants permission to a parent to accept his child. "To square the feelings of love for a child with the negative teachings of society presents a tremendous conflict for parents. We're saying you don't have to reject your child — you don't have to go along with society. When they hear that the sense of relief is tremendous. They get beyond that conflict. They really do love their children — they're OK — and there's hope," she adds, her deep brown eyes widening.

"When I realized this was the way it was going to be, I had to decide what my relationship to him would be."

Already the meetings have worked individual wonders, and the group has arrived as well at significant conclusions resulting from the parent rap sessions and the guest speaker discussions: there are no definitive reasons why one child and not

another, or any child, will be homosexual, ergo there is no blame to be placed. Parents have also discovered a high incidence of stable, long-term relationships. The homosexual stereotypes and myths have been shattered for many, especially after the gay children were invited to a recent parents' meeting.

Another integral facet of the meetings is a brief business meeting to discuss ways to effect change outside the group nucleus. Charlotte, her second husband Harry, who also fields hotline calls, and other parents "who are ready" feel no need to remain anonymous would like to link with other parent groups to form a

"We're saying you don't have to reject your child — you don't have to go along with society."

nationwide network to educate the public at large and in the schools, as well as to work toward full legal and social equality of gays. They're in a unique position as "straight" taxpayers and voters who can be a voice within the outside community. Too often the gay community only speaks for itself or is ignored.

If the response to recent local L.A. TV and press coverage is an indicator, the group's potential as a social force is only emerging. People have saved articles with the address and phone numbers (Parents and Friends of Gays, P.O. Box 24528, Los Angeles, CA 90024 — "People can just write, 'Parents and Friends' if they prefer," adds Mrs. Spitzer, or call one of the two hotlines: (213) 346-9119 or 472-4804) for weeks in some instances before calling the hotline, while others have had a parents' group in mind for years, as one Long Beach mother confessed.

In a group already characterized by general opinions, there remain two more: "I wish I had known more then, and it's beautiful that we're together now — at last."

"Why me, why my kid?"

to him — put him in this position, embarrassing him and making it necessary for him to explain why his son brings boys home and hugs and carries on with them. I was never in a situation where a father criticized his son so harshly to total strangers, and yet there wasn't anybody in that group who felt like condemning him. We knew exactly how he felt even though many of us had never been where he was at. The tests are the same for everybody even though the reactions differ. Parents wouldn't be in that group unless they loved their children. The parents who can reject their children, who can put their values ahead of their children never come there — there's no reason. Those that come are trying to understand."

Charlotte, who taught family life education in juvenile correction centers and has a masters degree in marriage and family counselling, has discerned a pattern to the parental reactions on the way to parent/child accord. Initially a parent asks, "Where did I go wrong?" The personal guilt is followed quickly by a sense of shame — "How can I tell anybody about this?" Often a parent is able to rationalize that maybe he won't have to tell anyone — that his

California Men

by william s. burroughs

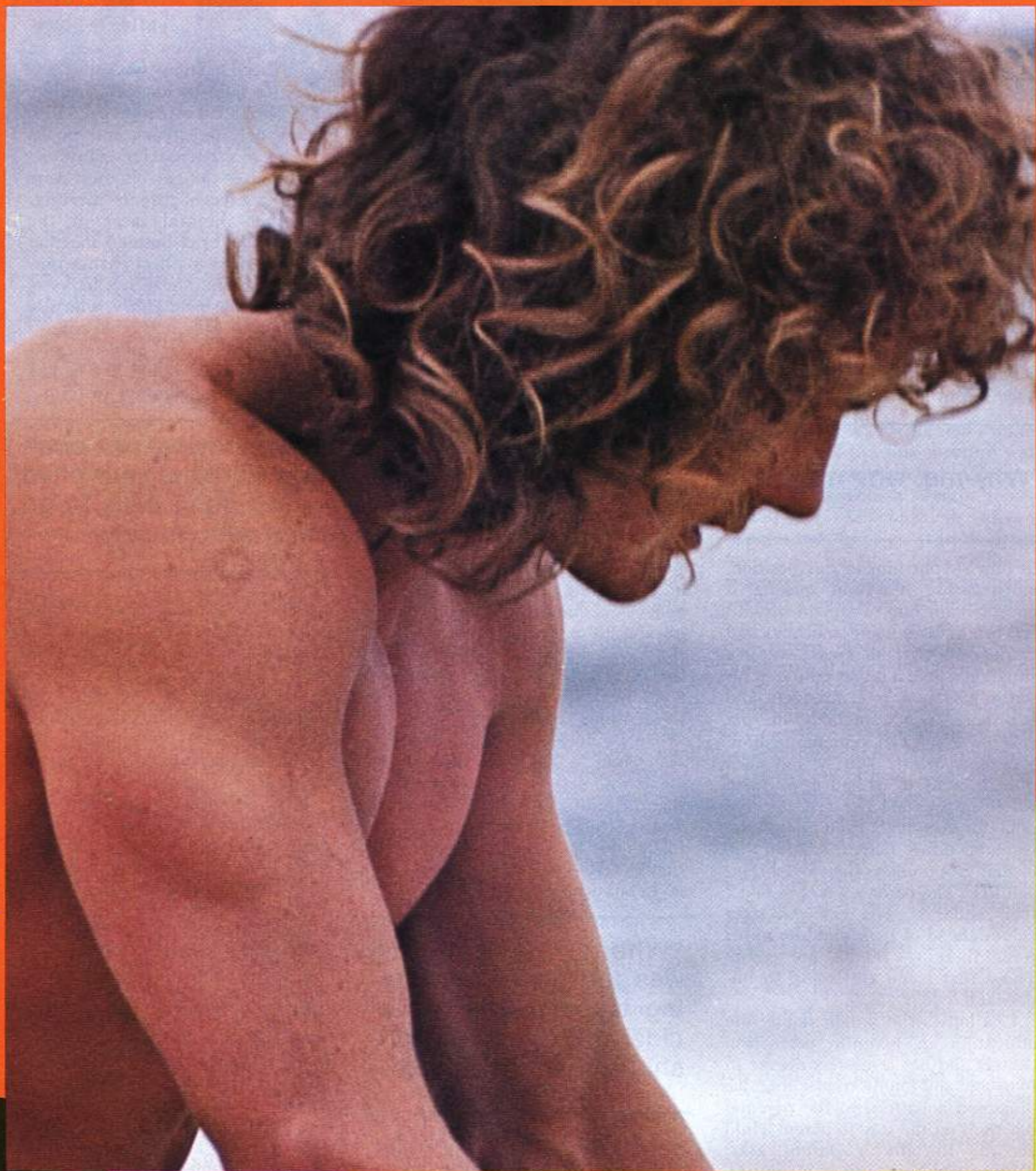


Photo by Don Lewis

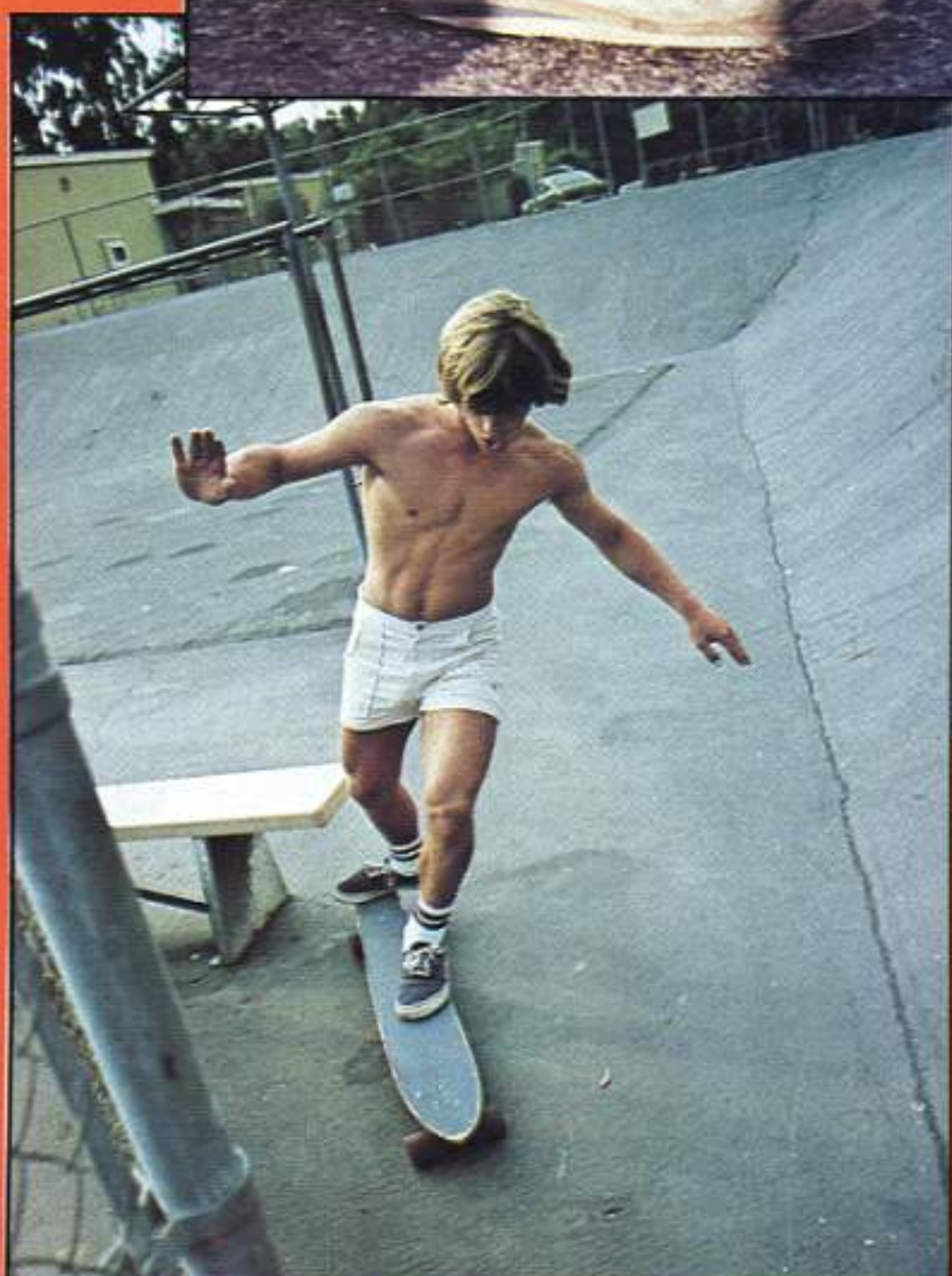




Photo by Ryan Boyd



Photos by Hugh Holland



*William S. Burroughs was long established in the literary underground before the American publication of **Naked Lunch** in 1962 made him famous. Subsequent novels have included **Nova Express**, **The Soft Machine** and **The Ticket That Exploded**. Norman Mailer has called him "the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius."*

Men of California seen through a viewer . . . tiny dioramas, sunsurfers, muscle beach, Griffith Park . . .

A boy leans forward, hands on knees, backdrop of sea and sand . . . empty look like he went away and left it there — the body, the vacant young face . . .

Naked boys climb a slope — brush, thistles, stone . . . they are moving carefully — unacustomed bare feet — buttocks and brown bodies . . . careful . . .

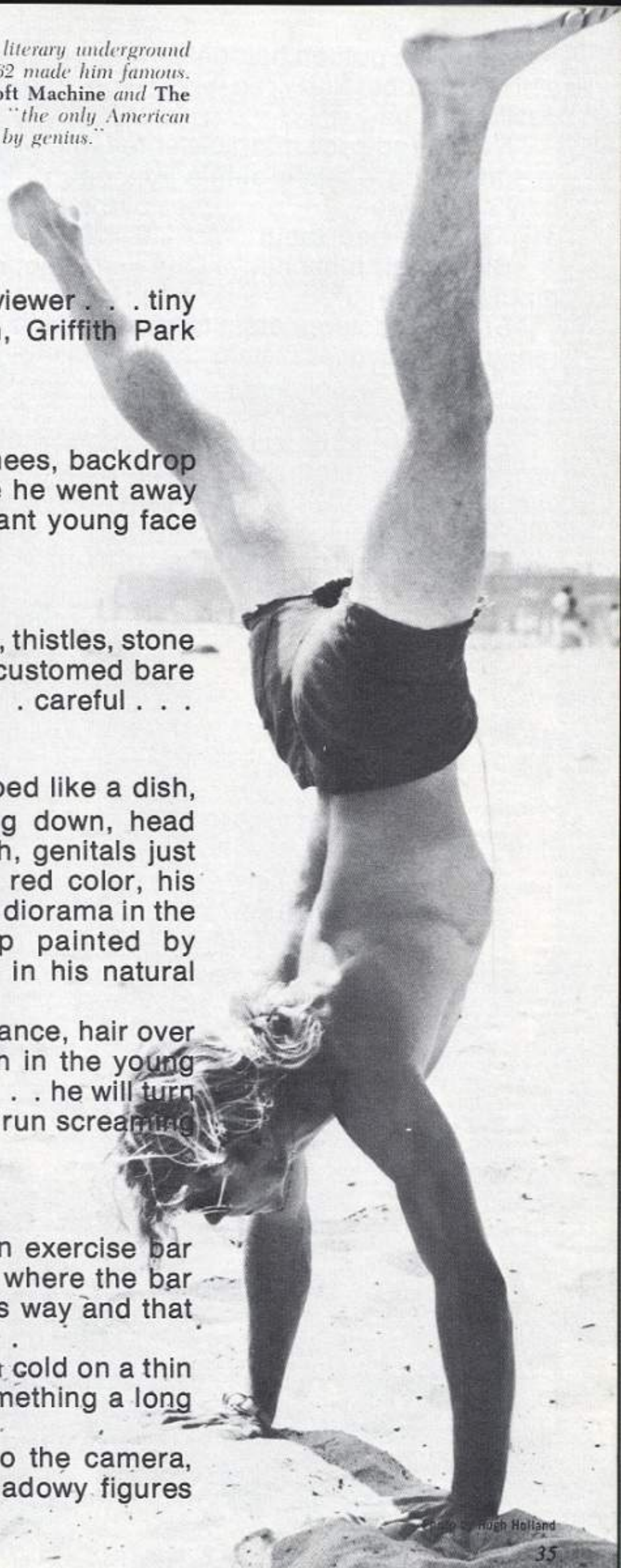
Boy lies naked on a pink rock shaped like a dish, one leg over the side, arms hanging down, head thrown back to the sun, lean stomach, genitals just protruding, the hard flesh a pinkish red color, his body reflected in the water . . . like a diorama in the natural history museum, backdrop painted by George Bellows . . . California Man in his natural habitat . . . an extinct artifact . . .

Red pants red flesh twisting in a dance, hair over his face, something wild and uncouth in the young figure like Bou Jeloud the Goat God . . . he will turn and whip the girl behind him who will run screaming to maternity and drop a frog . . .

Sepia sweater white shorts boy on exercise bar against a pale blue sky, you can see where the bar dents his thigh . . . hold the slide this way and that way, he turns like a weather vane . . .

Long russet hair, red face . . . sun cold on a thin boy with freckles, he is looking at something a long time ago . . .

Boy twists on skateboard, back to the camera, black trunks part of the tree . . . shadowy figures . . .



Man with golden hair gets into a limousine, boy in a flying saucer hat, red shorts on a bench . . . a pavilion, a park . . .

Naked red brown torso slanted, the boy is looking at something — his mouth a little open — something only he can see . . . perfumes of the polar sun sweet as sugar on bad teeth . . .

Blond hair bleached by the sun, insouciant body, nipples outlined . . .

Surfers looking at a frozen wave, arranged in meaningless poses, one with his arms folded behind him . . . like Medieval rustics . . .

And here is the Hitchhiker, blond hair, shirtless arm out . . . hitching his way to a swimming pool in Beverly Hills and it would seem carrying his kayak with him swaddled in red cloth . . . at the end of the street a bare hillside like a slag heap . . .

Boy on surfboard like some delicate amphibian from Bosch, his feet sprouting delicate white coral, blond hair swept back from an angel face, a translucent tube guiding his pink craft . . .

Light dims out in the viewer — dim boy on bicycle looks down a wharf at nothing, the wheel of the bicycle is turned sideways . . .

Exotic folklore skateboarder, blue trunks, necklaces and pendants . . . boy's body outlined against sea and sky as he throws ball over net, one leg of sand one leg of light . . .





Photo by Hugh Holland

Men of California . . . sunsurfers skate back to Camera Park . . . buzz of years . . . a boy leans forward, behind him old sea and sand. Sad golden wash of the sunset: empty park . . .

Boy is looking at something . . . bare feet buttocks . . . superimposed image whispering pillow of night, purple perfumes of the polar sun, luminous skulls tinkle, burst, illuminate his hair marked forgotten fields . . . books soaked in the dead smallpox nights of the last century. Spelling years whisper the lake sun on a thin boy with freckles, the sigh of a harmonica flags and blue rays naked body in a dream . . . A long time ago went away and left it

. . . naked boy red brown torso his mouth a little open . . . slowly . . . careful . . . down . . . pink genitals . . . red pants folded behind him. Sepia sweater, shorts, bare — it is a natural history museum . . .



Dim boy on bicycle in his natural habitat spelling end of the line . . . thin boy with freckles . . . the sideways skateboarder. He is looking at something lost in the last century. The light dims out in the backdrop. Years whisper the lake. Sun . . . wheel of bicycle is turned . . . sigh of harmonica flags blue trunks red torso moving light — fresh smell of violets swept back from an angel face. The sky goes out against his back . . .

Photo by Hugh Holland

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Photos by Hugh Holland



MARILYN MONROE AT 50

WONDERING WHAT THE LEGEND MIGHT BE LIKE TODAY

LAS VEGAS, June 1, 1976 — Marilyn Monroe celebrated her 50th birthday here today by starring in her first solo nitery act at the Grand Hotel. The Oscar-winning actress wowed first night audiences with an exciting repertoire of song, dance and comedy sketches. Her fans were delighted to see the Monroe of old — fluffy blonde hair, glamorous clothes, fabulous figure — which has been subdued in her recent film roles. It was the Marilyn they know and love, and the Grand Hotel promises to be packed to the rafters for the next two weeks of *La Monroe's* engagement.

by James Spada

When Marilyn Monroe was found dead on August 5, 1962, she was on the threshold of an exciting new life and career. Her death at 36 left the image as that of a beautiful, dumb, neurotic sexpot. She was, in many ways, all of those things — but she was also much more. It was those other aspects of her private and public personality that were beginning to unfold when her life was cut short that hot Sunday in Los Angeles.

Marilyn had always been a woman searching. She searched for love, fame, affirmations of her beauty. She searched, too, for intellectual fulfillment. Uneducated, she was innately bright and wanted to use her mind as

well as her body to impress people.

She searched for recognition as a dramatic actress, a serious performer. In several roles — *Bus Stop*, *The Misfits* — her dramatic talents were hailed by critics, but it was never enough to alter the public's conception of her. Unsure of her abilities, she would fall back into the sexpot formula — *Let's Make Love* — and, in many ways, set her dramatic goals far back.

She was a complex, complicated woman. She could be headstrong, confident, aggressive, hard-working, business-minded and industrious; she could also be insecure, neurotic, lazy and procrastinating. During her lows she feared going insane; at other times she was the picture of happiness and achievement.

What path might Marilyn's life have taken had she not died in 1962? Had she lived to be 50, she probably would have been a mature, reasonably well-adjusted, professionally secure woman. For had she continued to be as unhappy, as unsure of herself and as rootless as she was in 1962, her death within the next several years would have been all but inevitable. Marilyn at that time in her life was becoming too dependent on alcohol and barbiturates for a suicide — whether intentional or accidental — not to have

taken her life.

But there are reasons to believe that Marilyn's life may have become sorted out after all. Following her death, it was revealed that Joe DiMaggio (perhaps the only man she ever truly loved) had purchased a home next door to hers in Brentwood. He wanted to be near her, knew she needed him then, wanted to make another go at their relationship.

After her divorce from Arthur Miller, Marilyn and Joe had become friends — something they never had time to become during their stormy 9-month marriage in 1954. Joe was always there when Marilyn needed him, and the reasons for their split — Marilyn's enormous popularity, Joe's jealousy, his desire for her to be a housewife — would have been less of a problem in 1962, with both people more mature and understanding of the other.

A secure and happy re-marriage to Joe would have helped settle Marilyn both personally and professionally. Confident of his love, less concerned with her own glamorous image, she may well have begun to concentrate on roles that would help her grow as an actress. Acutely, painfully aware that her looks couldn't last forever, Marilyn — with Joe's help — may have let that be an impetus for



Illustration by Chris Nickens

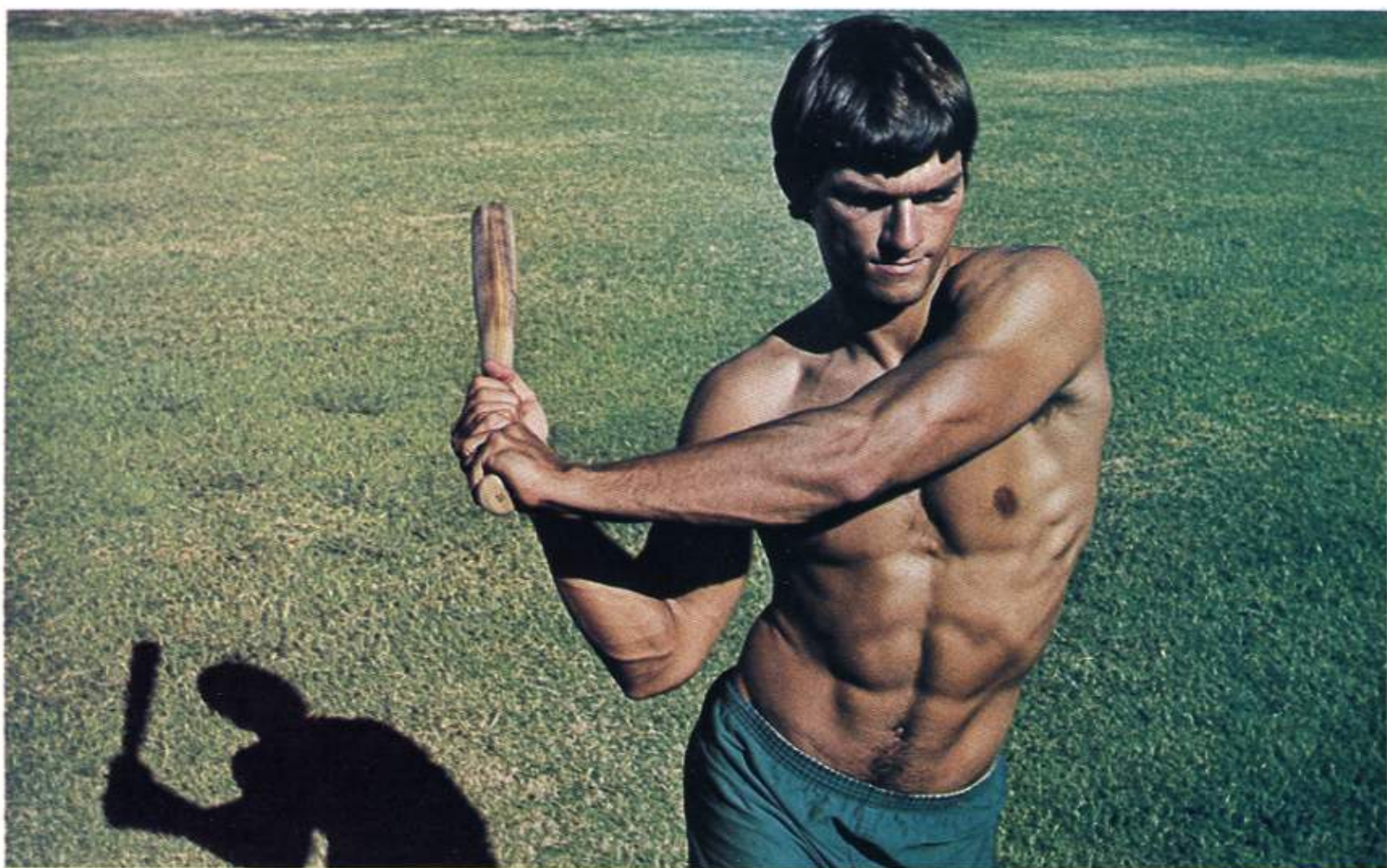
growth rather than something that would destroy her. She was already allowing herself to be more natural — many of the George Barris photos taken weeks before her death show an unadorned, vulnerable Marilyn more beautiful than ever before.

Marilyn had long wanted to tackle challenging roles — Grushenka in *Brothers Karamazov*, Sadie Thompson in *Rain* — and a new professional security would have allowed her to do so. She undoubtedly would have chosen film roles with depth and character. Her last, uncompleted film, *Something's Got To Give* — aptly remade with Doris Day as *Move Over, Darling* — was her last commitment to 20th Century Fox and probably would have been her last script so exploitative and empty.

Speculating on what roles Marilyn may have played seems futile. But how wonderful it would have been to see her play the Vivien Leigh role in *Ship of Fools*, or Martha in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, or Auntie Mame or Desiree in *A Little Night Music*. And the talents she displayed in *Bus Stop*, *Some Like It Hot* and *The Misfits* — roles for which she should have been Oscar-nominated — would eventually have brought from her a performance which would have won her that golden statuette and the praise — however grudging — of her colleagues.

By 50, Marilyn's career may well have come full circle. A sexpot, then an actress taken seriously, she could have reverted to her glamour image and opened a review in Vegas. A good singer and passable dancer, her chances for stage success were limited because of her insecurity and lack of discipline. But had she lived to 1976, she would have been ready for it. By now the lack of female roles in Hollywood would have limited Marilyn's movie opportunities, and she might have turned to TV or stage work — a series, several specials, perhaps a Broadway musical. But a one-woman show — a la Marlene Dietrich — would be an inevitability.

Whatever Marilyn's future might have brought, she would have remained a potent force on the American scene — as she has done even in death. She brought too much happiness and beauty to the world to ever have been forgotten or ignored, no matter what course her life may have taken or when she may have died.



Mark

By Dave Gregson

Photography by TOM MANN

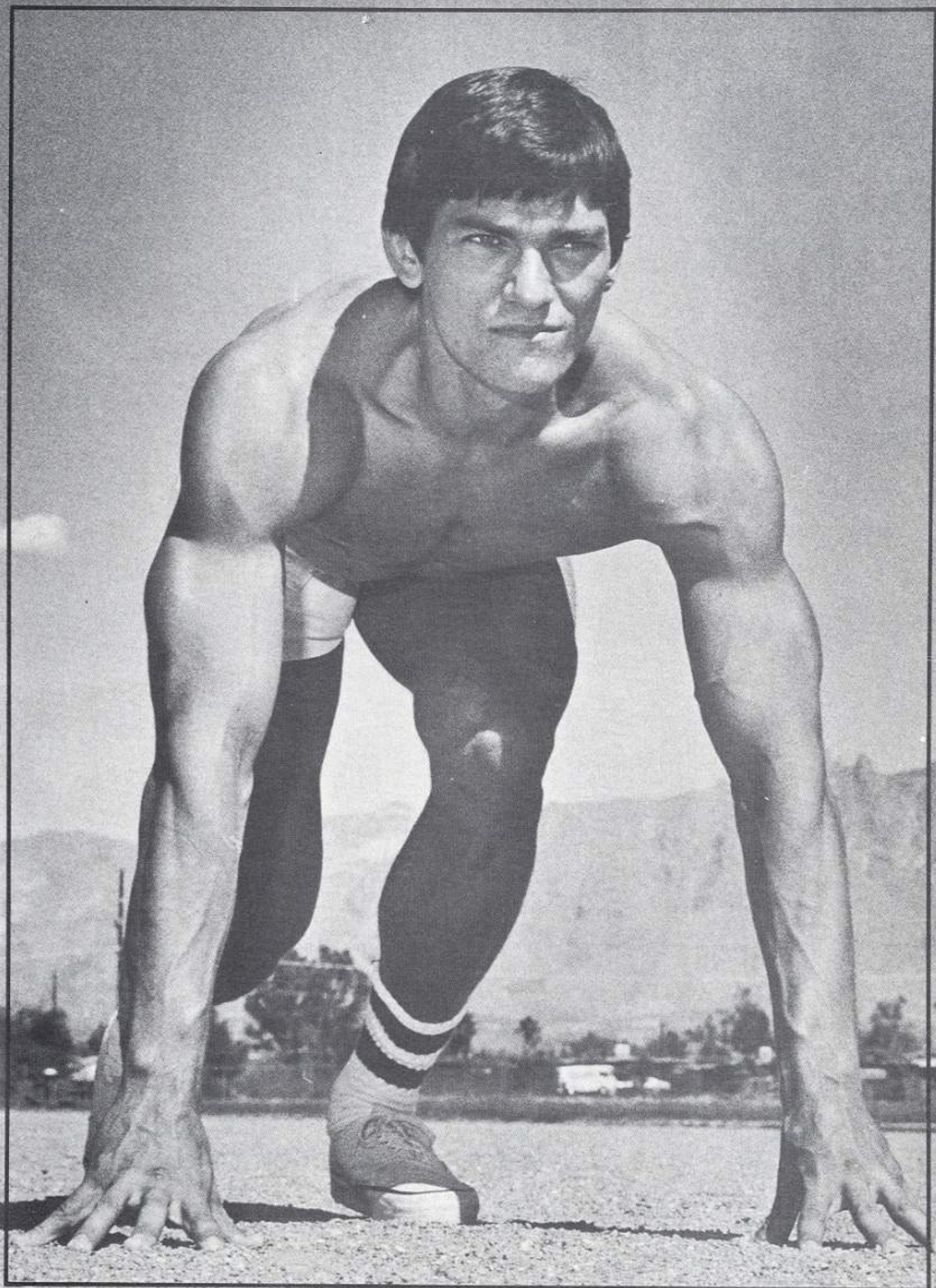
Mark tried to look casual among the bodybuilders as they waited for their cue to come on stage. Some were complaining it was a small crowd that had gathered to see the 1976 Mr. Tucson contest. Others spent their time pumping up in front of mirrors that circled the small waiting room. A few men were putting the finishing touches of oil to their bodies so every muscle would be seen at its best advantage under the spotlights.

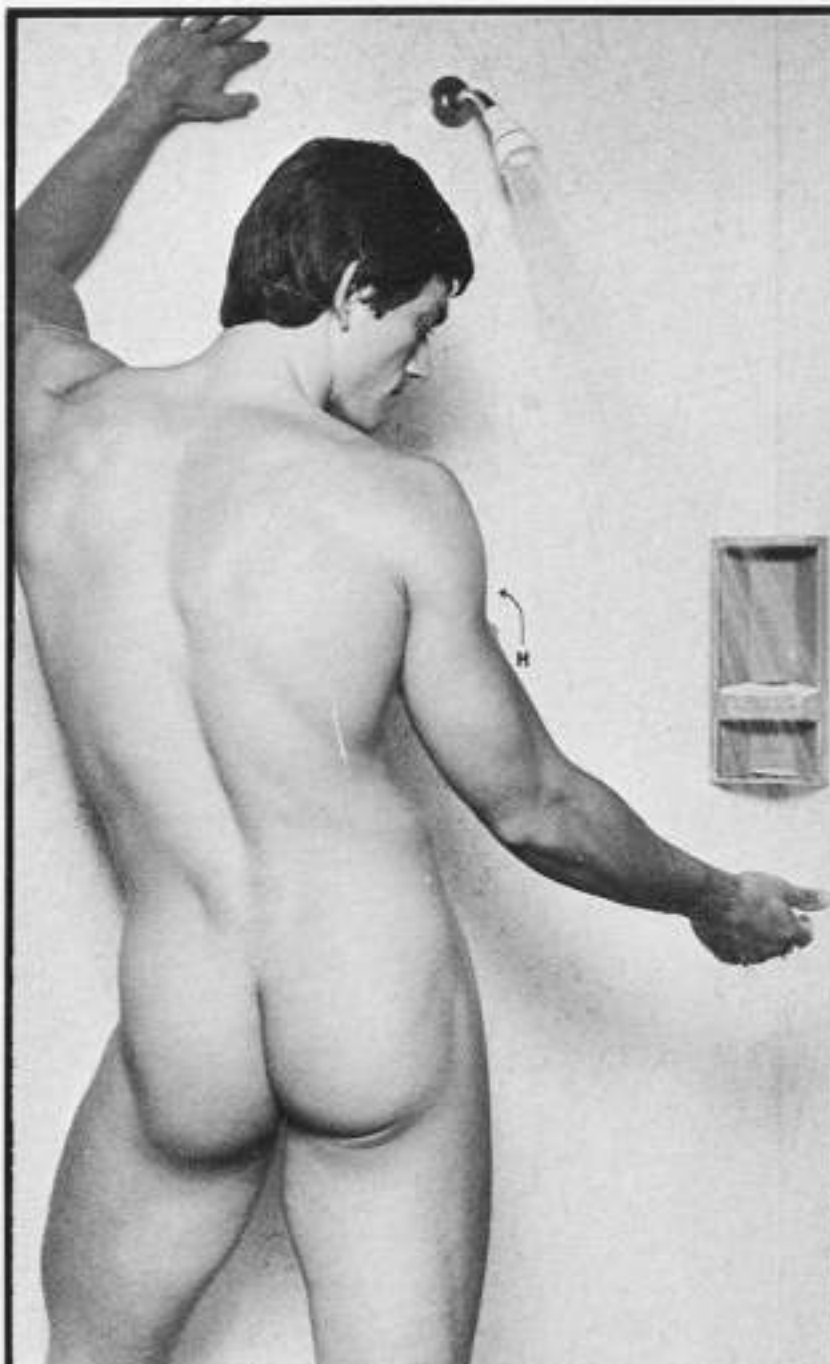
Twenty-six-year-old Mark Dube

hoped his nervousness over entering his first bodybuilding contest wasn't too obvious to the other contestants. Dube ("My mother is Blackfoot Indian and German. My father is French.") heard about the contest from friends who coaxed him to enter.

"I never would consider going into competition weight-lifting. I'm not one of those guys who measures himself every other day to see how much he's progressed," he says.

(continued on page 44)





"That would be so frustrating. There are those who are always coming up to me and asking, 'How big is your chest?' or 'How big are your arms?' I can't tell them because I don't really keep track. I'm more interested in results than measurements."

Because he entered the contest strictly for the experience, he wasn't too disappointed he didn't win a title. "Most of the guys here have made a full-time commitment to body building," he said after it was over. "I got started pumping weights because I got tired of being pushed around in my high school boxing class. But then when the other guy ended up with too many cuts and bruises, it ceased to be fun. Now I'm just concerned with staying in shape and maintaining good definition."





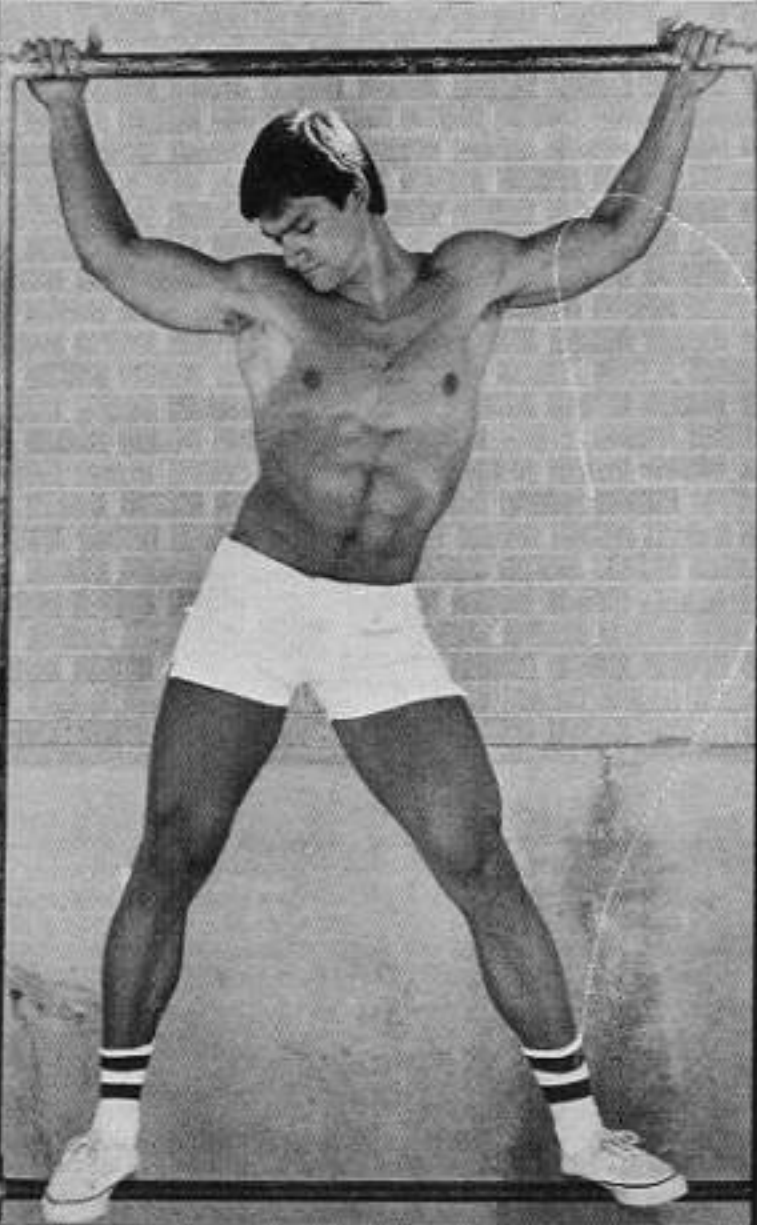
"I got started pumping weights because I got tired of being pushed around in my high school boxing class."

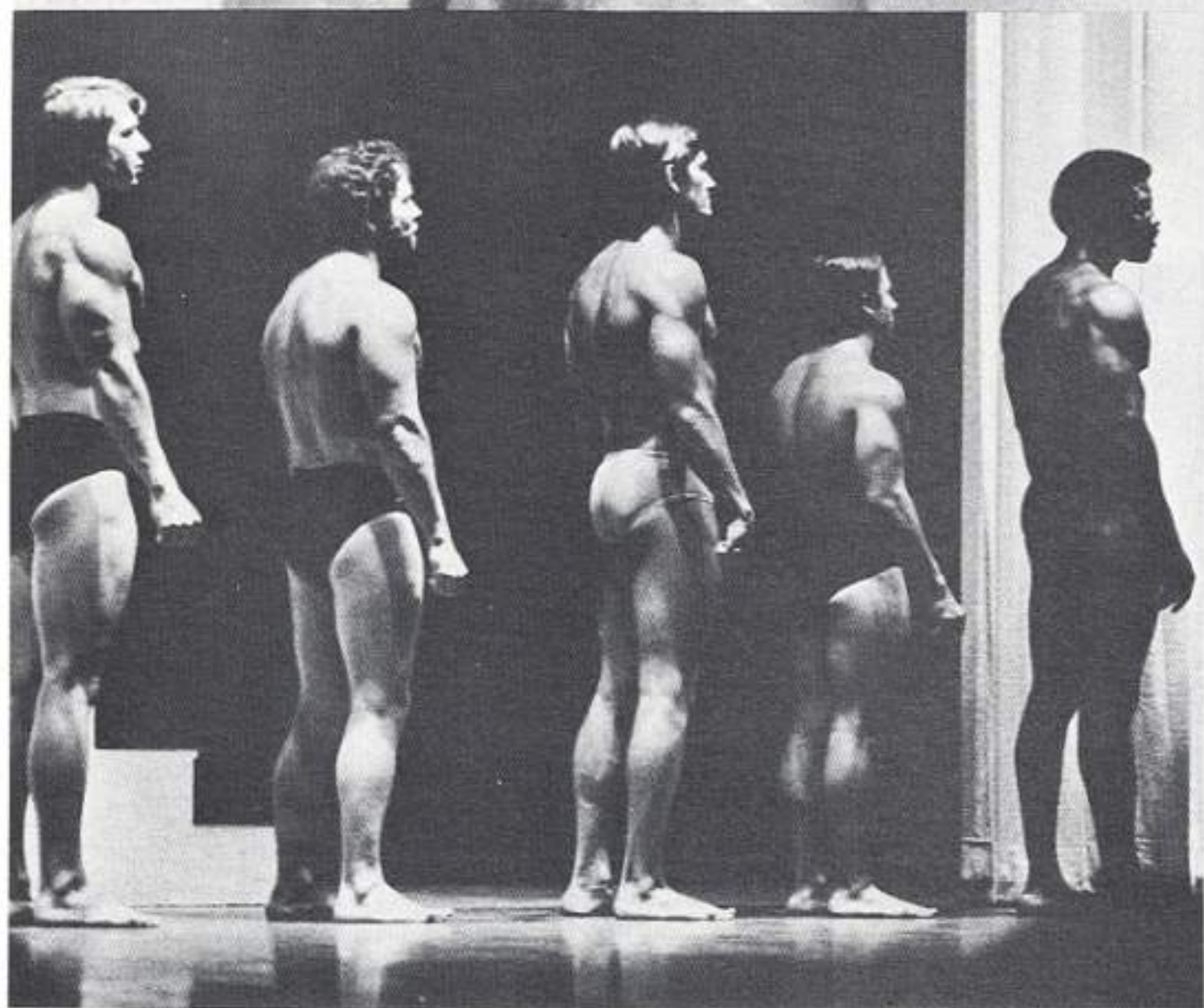
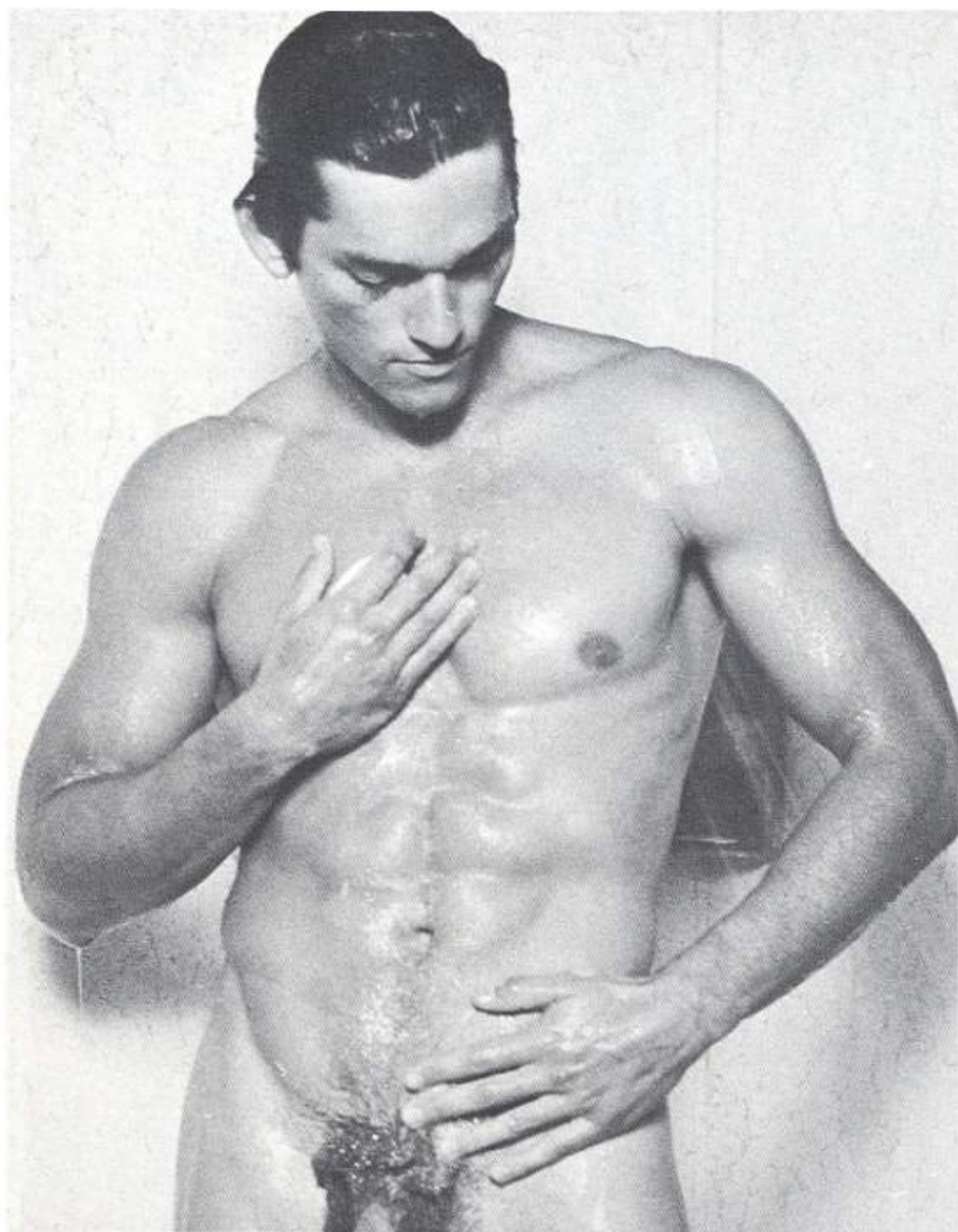
Yet weightlifting isn't the only method he uses to keep his six-foot, 190-pound frame in shape. His boxing skill soon led to participation in wrestling, track and basketball. Add to that an after school job in construction and a young boy's body has a way of turning into an impressive man's frame.

Mark spent most of his growing years in Wilmington, North Carolina, but came west to Tucson, Arizona, five years ago with a girl friend. Today the girl is gone, yet he remains in Tucson.

"The city offers a great way of life. The mountains are perfect for hiking, the weather lets you be outdoors all year 'round, and the people tend to let you live your own life style," he says. "The five years I've been here have changed my attitudes about a lot of things. That Arizona sun has a way of mellowing you out."

The sun has also turned his body even darker than his heritage. With his French and Indian background, he swears some people think he came into town for the weekend from the reservation. Then there's those dark smouldering brown eyes that have a way of getting him into trouble . . . "only good trouble," he grins.





He plans on getting his teaching degree from the University of Arizona and later becoming a high school teacher. Coming from a family of two sisters and three brothers, he has always enjoyed being around young people. What specific subjects would he teach? "History and French. They're both in my blood." Then there's the possibility of coaching. "Watching a young person develop physically as well as mentally can be doubly rewarding for a teacher," he says.

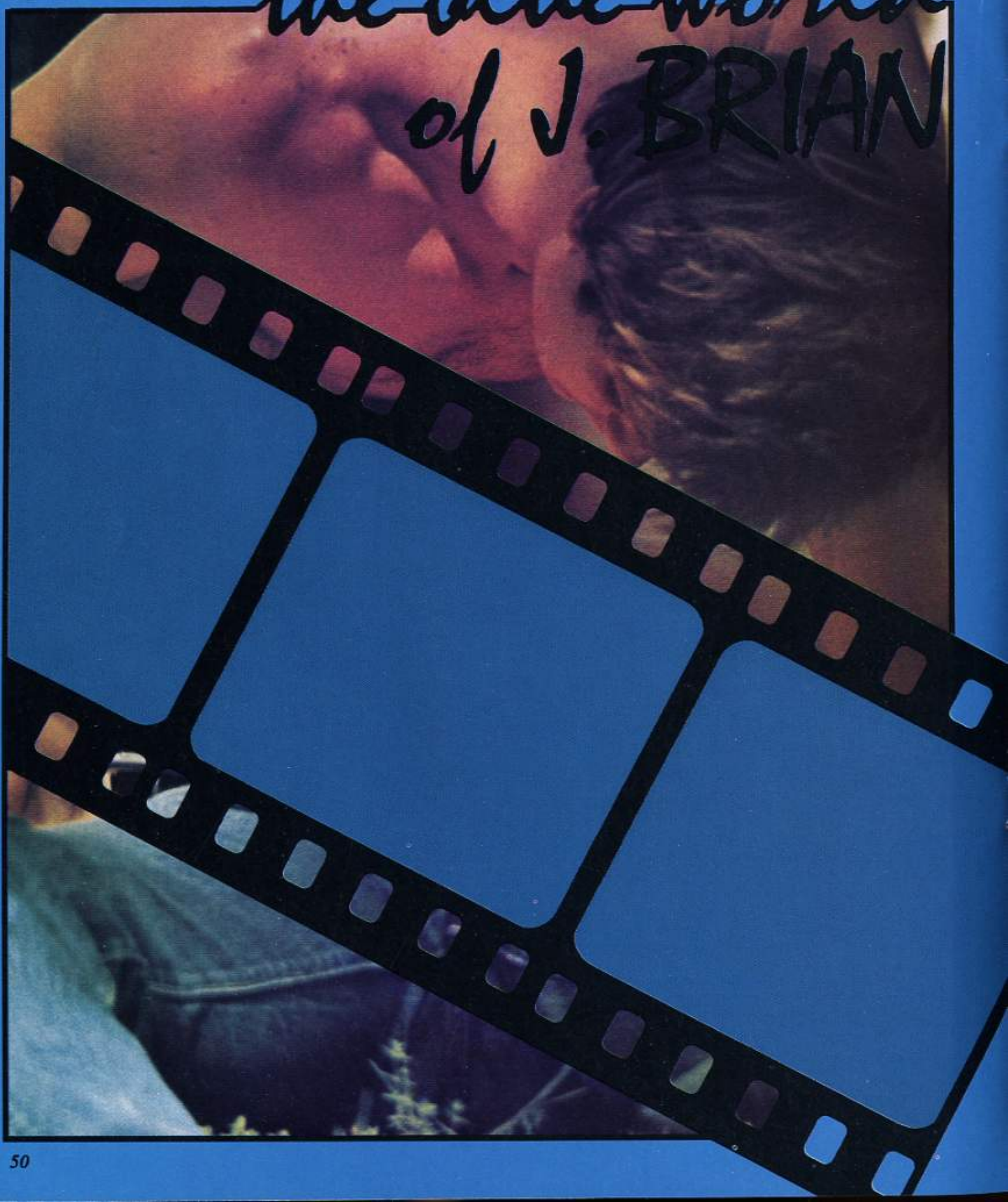
And his students could find no finer example than in their teacher.

• • •





The blue world
of J. BRIAN



The famed porn filmmaker of 'Seven in a Barn' and 'Raw Country' levels with us about his work and his future

By Ralph Clark

J. Brian, called by many an innovative doyen amongst his peers and a pacemaking producer of high-quality male porno films that are technically far ahead of run-of-the-mill competition, has released 10 features since 1968. That's nearly an average of two a year, excluding 1972 and 1973 when he banished himself to Hawaii after pleading guilty to what he calls "trumped up" felony raps of aiding and abetting oral copulation for which he received a suspended 15-year sentence and three years probation.

Blaming his plight on a police informer's "exaggerated" story of witnessing licentiousness during one of Brian's filming sessions, he went to Hawaii "to recharge my batteries." For two years he made no films and worked, instead, as a disc jockey.

Before the onslaught of his legal frays, Brian had six films under his belt, including the blockbuster **Seven in a Barn**, his first talkie and his first full-length color feature. When he ended his self-imposed exile in 1974, he returned to his base of operations in San Francisco, organized Vitruvian Productions, and began working on the acclaimed **Tuesday Morning Workout**, a pornflick still making the rounds of the all-male theater circuit. The past two years have been highlighted by **Raw Country**, which he considers his best film, and **Male Stampede**, his latest.

If he were forced to go his moviemaking alone, the 34-year-old Brian could probably do it. He's his own talent scout and estimates that he has interviewed more than 10,000 young males in the past four years in choosing his casts. He is also his own writer, film editor, director, producer

and sometimes photographer — a jack-of-all-trades in everything except acting. He's too busy for that.

But Brian's filmmaking is currently headed towards a hiatus. He's busily setting up a nationwide gay television network beamed to habitues of steam baths, theaters and lodgings and offering subscribers of the network news of what's happening in the gay world, interviews, and hard-action films. Even a gay "60 Minutes" that will last two hours is in the works.

Born in Oakland, California, Brian studied art at San Jose State College, graduated to nude male photography, sold packets of his photo-enlargements in adult book shops in San Francisco, cracked the magazine game with pictures of nude models in a publication he developed called "Golden Boys" — a phrase Brian conceived and made widely known — operated a male call service, and experimented with filmmaking. All this time he was still in his early 20s.

Immersed as he was in the world of pornography and near-pornography, Brian was a qualified source for yet still another definition of porno and how it differs from obscenity, a controversy that even the U.S. Supreme Court is unable to resolve.

One afternoon when the Southern California sun was oppressively hot and seemingly too hostile for creatures unprotected, J. Brian (his real name; J. stands for Jeremiah) sat in the comparative coolness of a Los Angeles home and shared the remnants of a gallon of inexpensive vino at the dining room table.

He has the appearance of a bearded leprechaun. His eyes are mis-

chievously elfin and his grin is sudden and infectious as he talks; then quickly his face turns sober and deadly earnest. He is in L.A. to interview "young, well-built, clean-cut, hot and horny men," as described in his newspaper ad, for a future film.

IT: What is pornography? Obscenity? Is there a difference?

Brian: "Porno" is from the Greek, meaning whore, and "graphy" is writing; so, what we've got is writing about whores. Anything that is a written, photographed or sculptured and painted expression about sex is essentially porno or, in other words, sex is basically pornographic. Obscenity, on the other hand, can't be as easily defined. It's like trying to define sculpture beyond the fact that it is done with marble or a metal. There's something else involved —

IT: Like emotion? The sculptor's inspiration?

Brian: — something that's impossible to define. Obscenity, to me, to use examples rather than definitions, is anything that is extremely disgusting, offensive, or symptomatic of the sickness in people's heads. Richard Nixon is an obscenity. The Vietnam War, Fat, ugly suburban women who go to the supermarket in pedal pushers. That's always been one of the most disgusting things I've ever seen. No wonder the divorce rate is so high. Why is the depiction of sex considered an obscenity when how many people get murdered on television every night? That's an obscenity: killing for what **you** believe is right. Why not give pleasure to another person, like making love, instead of taking his life. Love and sex are very, very beautiful things. I can't see associating them



J. Brian on location



with ugly violence. Violence of any kind is obscene.

IT: Yet one of the highlights of *Raw Country* was a rather violent rape scene.

Brian: I tell the actors in an orgy scene to let themselves go. Do what they want to do as long as no one really gets hurt. I personally don't find this stuff too attractive. It creeps into a film because the boys do it naturally. I don't direct them to do it. The boy in *Raw Country* who was raped **wanted** to be raped. And he knew the code word he'd say if he was really getting hurt. If he said it, I would have stopped the action. I want to provide basic themes as vehicles for the viewer's imagination. Let viewers use their own imagination in determining whether the boy was hurt or was suffering. SM action is a different matter. I don't condemn anyone doing what they want to do, but I will never film it. No one gets hard if they are whipping and abusing one another.

"... my bedroom has no casting couch but it has a couple of casting chairs ..."

IT: Do you try to enlighten an audience by putting into each film some of your philosophy? Does each of your films have a message?

Brian: My filmmaking approach is simply "something for everyone." Surveys show that viewers who are in their early 20s are very, very interested in a romantic situation. The 30s crowd wants heavier sex, sex approaching SM. The over 40 crowd wants heavy sex action. No one seems particularly interested in a heavily developed plot line. These basic needs of the viewer are my only concern. Not the dishing out of a message or a philosophy. My films are designed so that people don't have to sit in their seats the full two hours and watch it. They can get up, go to the men's room or do whatever they wish and come back without losing track of what is happening.

IT: Where do you find your actors?

Brian: Friends recommend some of the boys. And I advertise in gay publications. The 60 actors in *Male Stampede's* orgy scene were regular customers of the San Francisco bar I used for location. They were volunteers who wanted to be in the film.

IT: What is the procedure you follow when you interview actor applicants?

Brian: I sit down with the kid and offer him a beer or a glass of wine. I spend a half hour getting him comfortable. I've learned that most kids have never gone on an interview. They are nervous and don't know what to expect. They fantasize that they will be interviewed either in a studio complete with lights and camera or in the bedroom on the old Hollywood casting couch. Well, I don't have a studio and my bedroom has no casting couch but it has a couple of casting chairs facing each other. So I do my interviewing in the bedroom; they feel uncomfortable if it is done, say, in the living room. I begin my psychological trip on the kid. I ask him general questions, like, where are you from? and what are you doing now? And sometimes I ask why they want to be in a movie. Almost never do they say they need the money. When I feel the kid is comfortable with me, I ask him to take off his clothes and just stand. Then I ask him sex questions: what do you do sexually, what don't you do, what would you like to do that you've never done before, what are your fantasies and your fetishes. All sorts of questions like that.

IT: Why do they have to be without clothes when you ask them these questions?

Brian: I find that they have a difficult time telling me anything but the truth when they are naked and I have my clothes on. You really put someone in a defensive situation. I get them to relax, and then I immediately put them into a defensive position. There's a reason why I do that. When I'm directing a film I have to be the boss. So at that point in the interview I'm putting myself in the top position. I've got to. If I find the kid still attractive, I'll ask him to get hard while I pretend to busy myself by writing little things — doodling, perhaps — on the paper I hold in my lap.

IT: Under the circumstances, can most of them do it?

Brian: I get two reactions. One, some will get hard the moment they take off their clothes because the whole idea of being naked is exciting. Some will play with themselves for a while before he gets it up. If they absolutely can't do it, I probably don't want them in the film because if they can't get hard in my bedroom with only myself there, how are they going to do it when we're out on location with

two cameramen, a sound man, a still photographer, two assistants, and me as director. The best actors are oversexed and exhibitionistic. And when you're making gay films, you got to have gay actors.

IT: What's next in the interview?

Brian: I never suggest that they put their clothes back on. I want to know how eager they are to get dressed. If they have passed the interview, we continue to talk about everything so I can get to know them better, thus cast them better. The interview is over once they put their clothes on.

IT: Most people would fantasize about the many sexual opportunities your work provides. How much of it is fantasy and how much of it is truth?

Brian: Everyone always asks me that question. During the interview I am as clinically unemotional as a doctor. After the boy is dressed and there is a mutual attraction and interest, however, maybe I'll suggest we go out for dinner. But I never allow such

"The best actors are oversexed and exhibitionistic."

a relationship to diminish my role or control as director-producer.

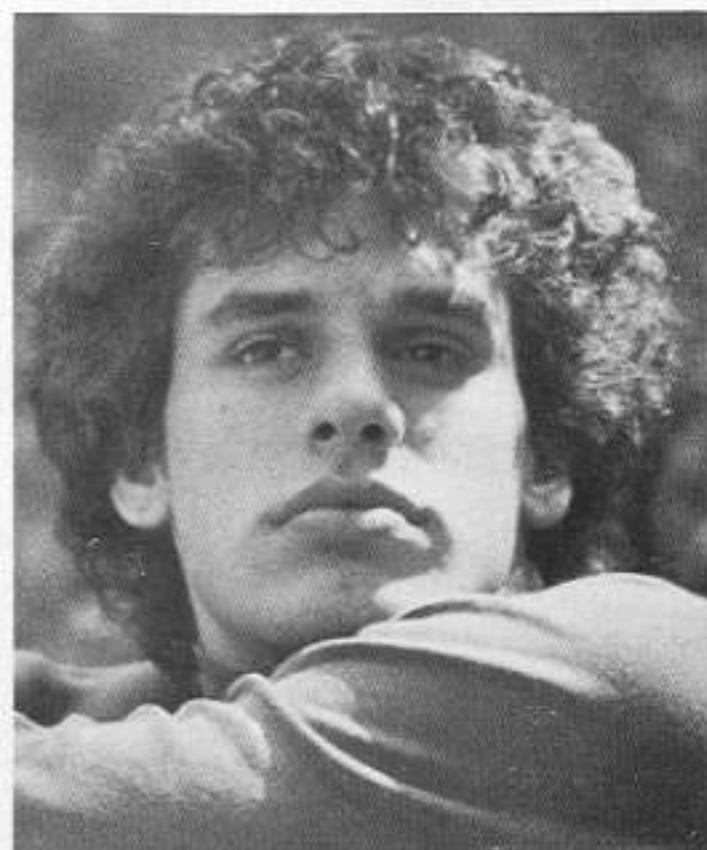
IT: Does your work, and specifically, your films, have social relevance?

Brian: Several years ago, I was invited to show *Seven in a Barn* at a University of California-Irvine symposium on gay life-styles, but the Student-Faculty Committee refused to sanction it. During the session, a student attending the meeting told me that he was very sorry he didn't get to see my film because he was sure he was gay but couldn't imagine what gay people do together. He was that naive. He really didn't know. It was his first time away from home and had been taught by his parents never to think about sex and never talk about it. In fact, don't do anything that could be called sex. If he had seen the film he would have been helped in resolving the question of whether he was gay or not. He made me wonder how many other people there are with similar problems. If all the films I have made accomplished only one thing — helping that kid and others like him understand themselves — I'd say I've done society a favor.

• • •

Dane Tremmell (left) and Rusty Adams

Bryan Nevens in *Male Stampede*



Hugh Davidson in *Raw Country*



Skip Sheppard
in *Raw Country*



Dean Chasson in
Tuesday Morning Workout



in *Raw Country*



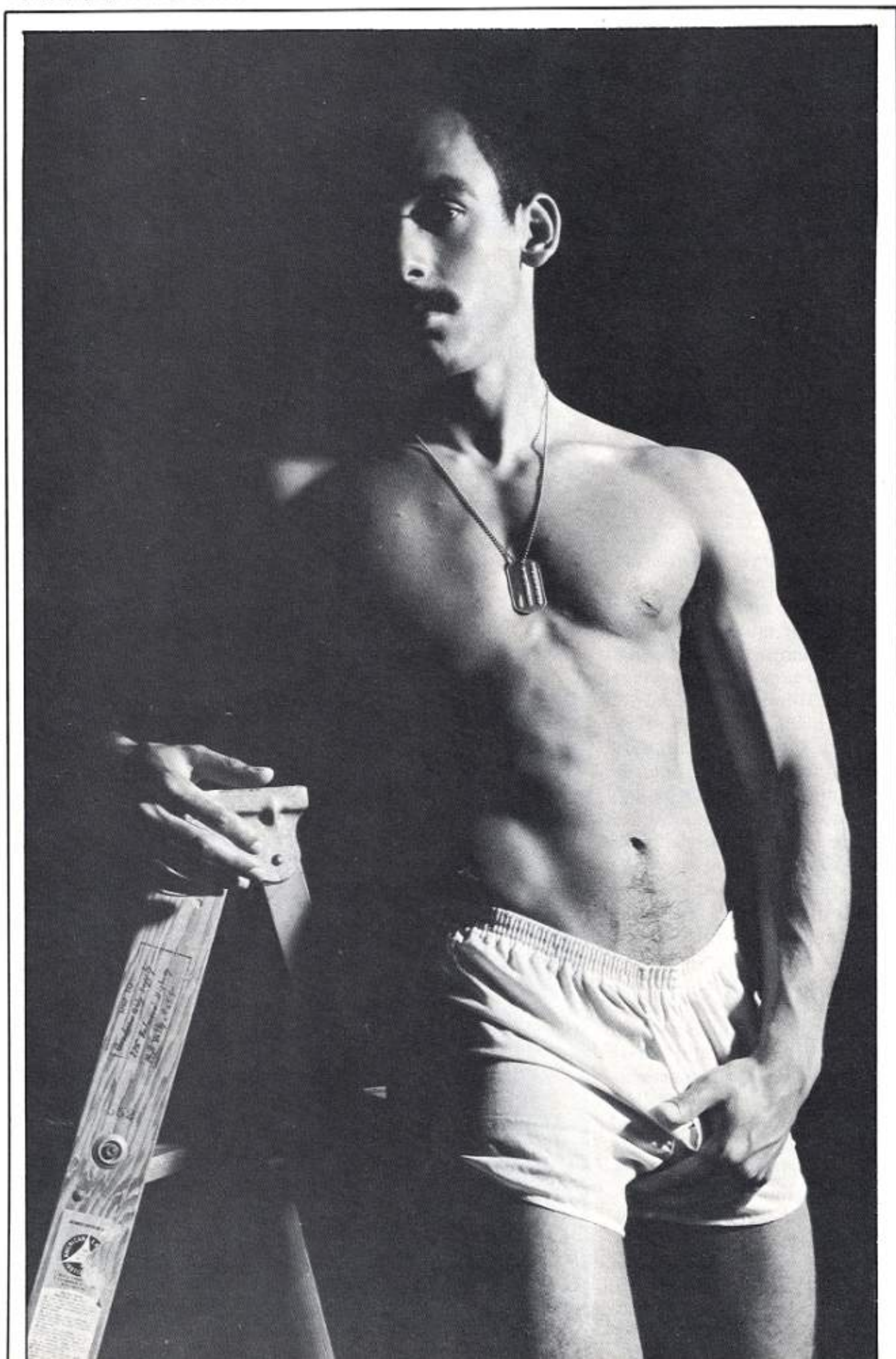
Steve Boyd in *Raw Country*



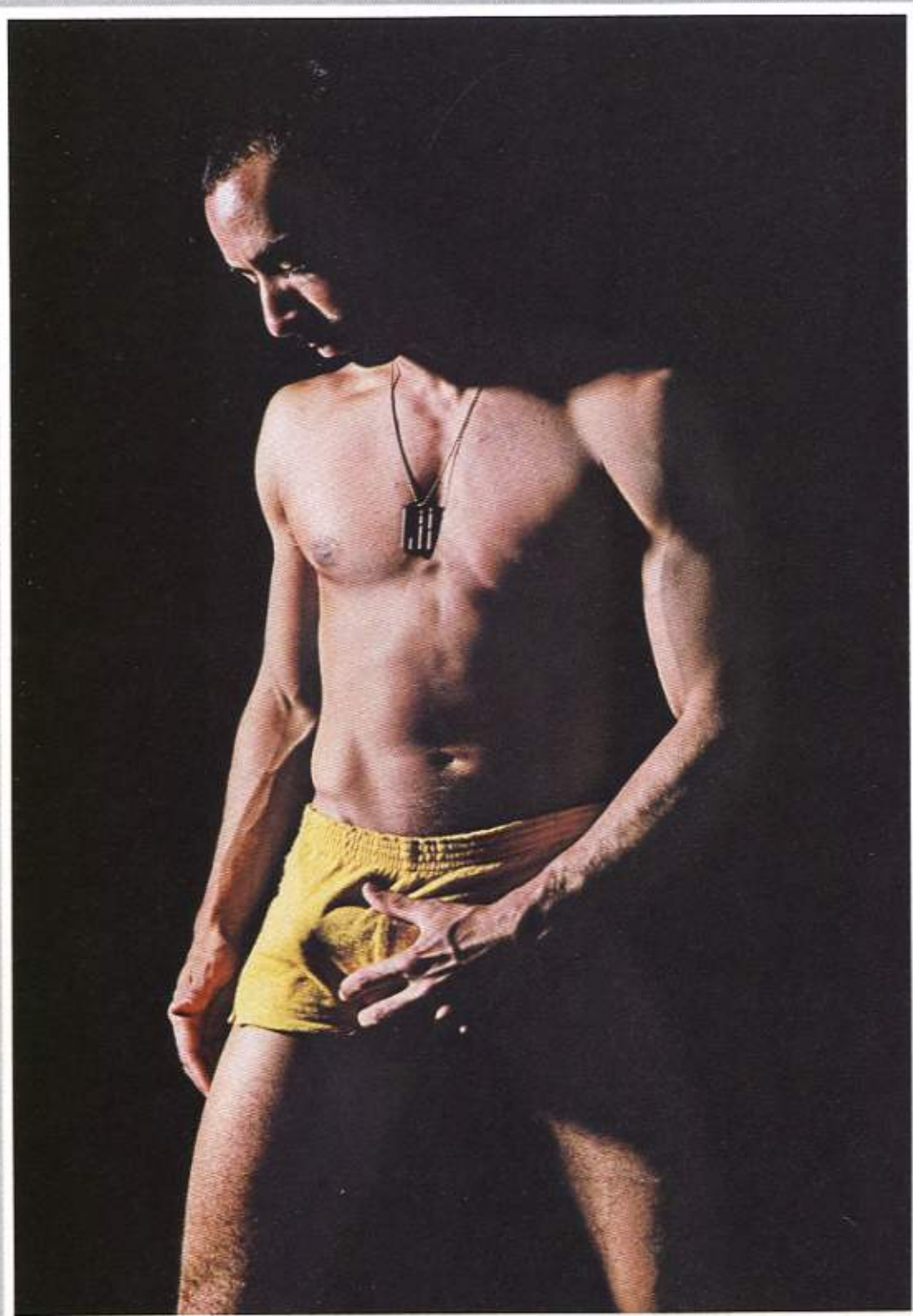
Ron Miles
in *Raw Country*

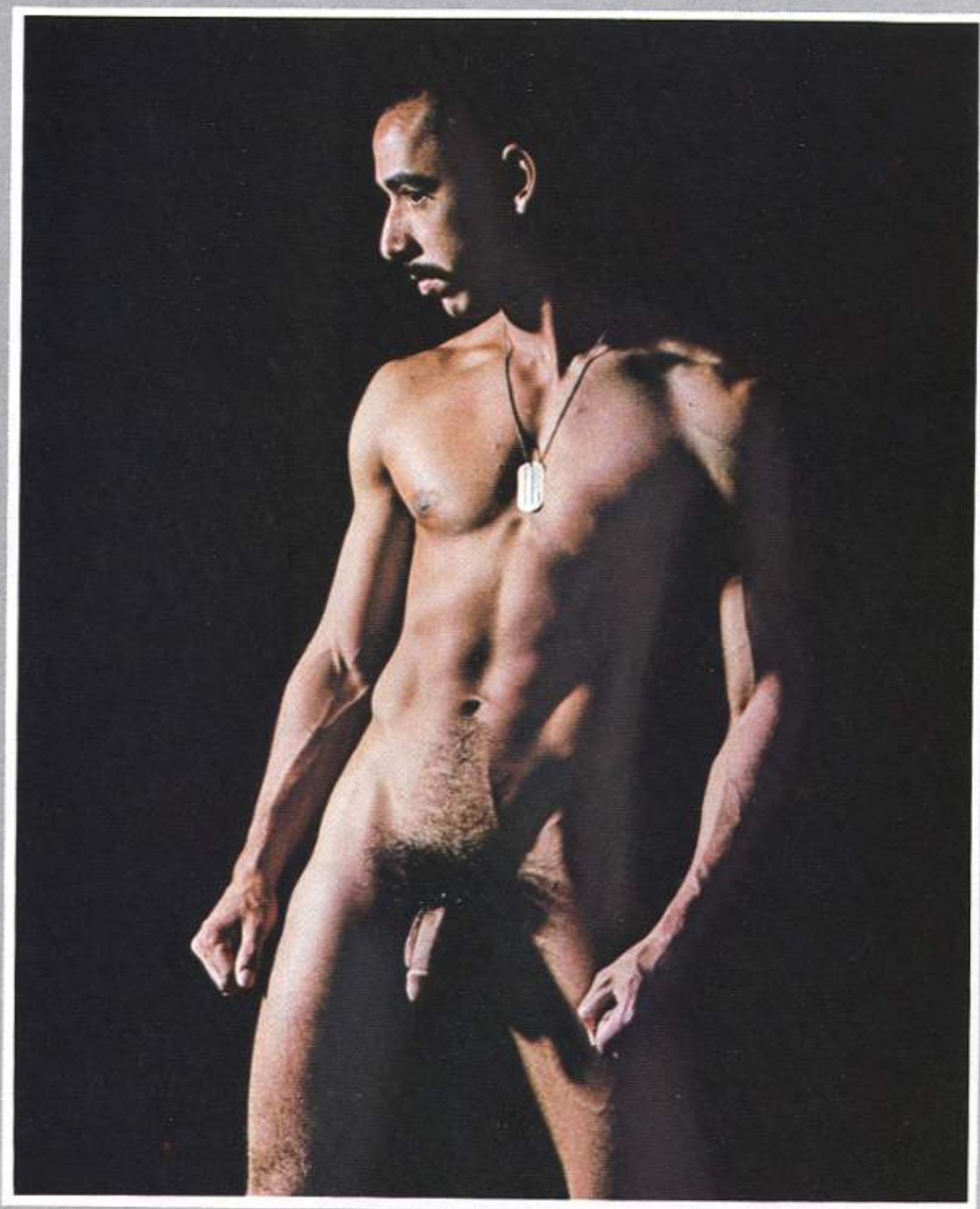
BRIEFS

Photography by RICHARD BOETGER

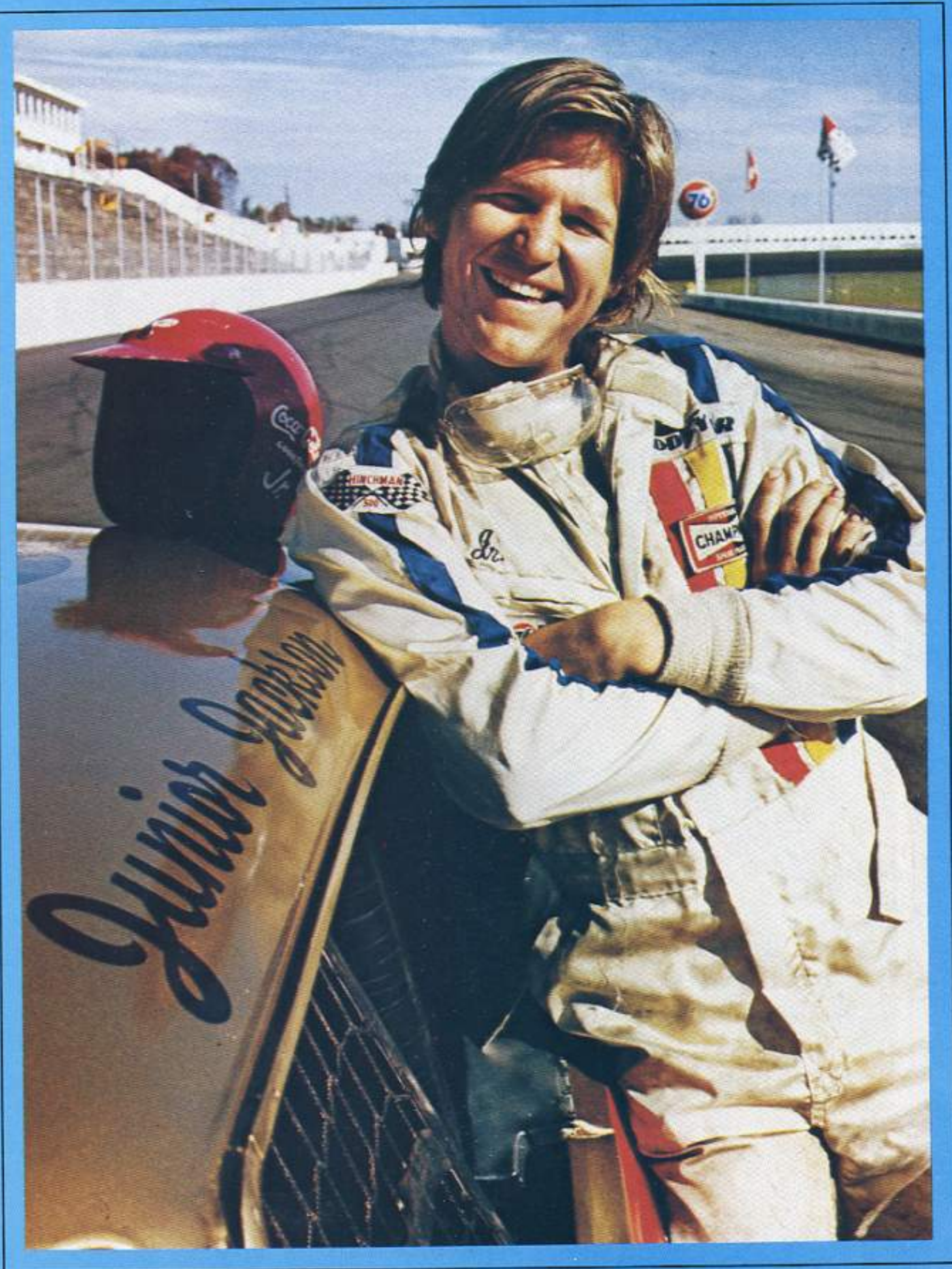








Briefs. Hugging cupcakes and cupping manhood. They say men have stopped wearing them, but try telling Steven Jenkins that. They fit him like a glove. Steven, who is 20 and Houston-born wore looser fitting drawers during his stint in the Navy, but now, with dance on his mind and sights on New York, he usually slips into something more . . . brief.



The Last American Hero, 1973

JEFF BRIDGES:

dumb jock or serious actor?

By Dean Richards

His sandy-haired, boyish-faced, broad-shouldered, 6'2" persona has lent itself well to the kinds of roles he's played — the sexy high school jock in *The Last Picture Show*, the dumb boxing jock in *Fat City*, the lovable jock in *Thunderbolt & Lightfoot*, and the dumb jock in *Bad Company*.

"There seems to be a part of Jeff which seems innocent, more innocent than he really is."

But that's not **really** where Jeff Bridges is at. Underneath that great big lug exterior lies a searching spirit and a dedication to acting. After his first films typecast him, he went seeking variety. "The stronger your screen image," he says, "the more it takes away from the acting possibilities. It's like blowing your cover if you're a secret agent. If peo-

ple know who you are, if they know what you can do, then it blows the whole acting game."

Lately, he's been getting away from the dumb stud image. His roles in *Hearts of the West*, *Rancho Deluxe* and the upcoming *King Kong* have won him praise from critics and an increasing boxoffice drawing-power. But as serious as Bridges is about his profession, he admits he'd never have become an actor if his father hadn't been Lloyd Bridges.

"I feel so guilty about my career, man," he says. "I know I wouldn't be where I am today if I wasn't my father's son. Some people have to audition for agents, but my father just called up his agent and said, 'You will handle my son.' He also let me do three or four 'Sea Hunt' shows on TV with him and that gave me screen time, and I toured in a few plays with him, and it all came so easy and I think I should **suffer** a little."

His childhood in California was a relatively happy one. "My parents

gave me strong roots of love," he says. But he was troubled and depressed, seeing a psychiatrist at 16, and at 17 joining a high school drug program called DAWN (Developing Adolescents Without Narcotics).

He joined the program because some of his friends were in the group and asked him to. "I smoked a little

"I know I wouldn't be where I am today if I wasn't my father's son."

pot in high school. A couple of J's before school and a couple of J's after I got home. DAWN tried to get at the reasons we were smoking and taking drugs. We met a couple of times a week, and we had some pretty good experiences."

His rebellion at this stage in his life created an estrangement between father and son, and he became closer to his brother, Beau, eight years his



senior. Now also an accomplished and well-known actor, Beau at that time was more like an uncle to Jeff. "He would baby-sit and teach me sports." They also would act together at the Lions Club. "I'd play the guitar and sing Bob Dylan songs, and he'd read poetry. I remember it was a pretty confusing show."

He left home at 17 and joined the Coast Guard Reserves. Three years later he had made two minor movies (one of which was never released) and decided to audition for Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show*. Bogdanovich took one look at him and said, "Jesus, you're just the guy I'm looking for! But can you act?" He could and did, and got an Oscar nomination for his role in the film.

His acting ability came naturally. "My father used to help me early on," he admits. But later, he just did what he felt. Robert Benton, who directed *Bad Company*, says of him: "There's no difference between Jeff's screen image and himself. He's a natural."

Hearts of the West director Howard Zieff puts it differently: "He's his own actor, though he has the same laid-back quality of Cooper. He's instinctive, very physical — he moves so well. There seems to be a part of Jeff which seems innocent, more innocent than he really is."

Since high school he's continued to search for his true identity. He experimented with LSD, but calls his first trip "shattering" and says "I don't do it as much now."

He's been through a succession of love affairs and recently completed est. "It was a heavy flash," he says of the training. "You can put sex in the same place. You have the orgasm and you get all blown away. What I want is peace, maybe. It all sounds so corny, so Zen, but that's what it is."

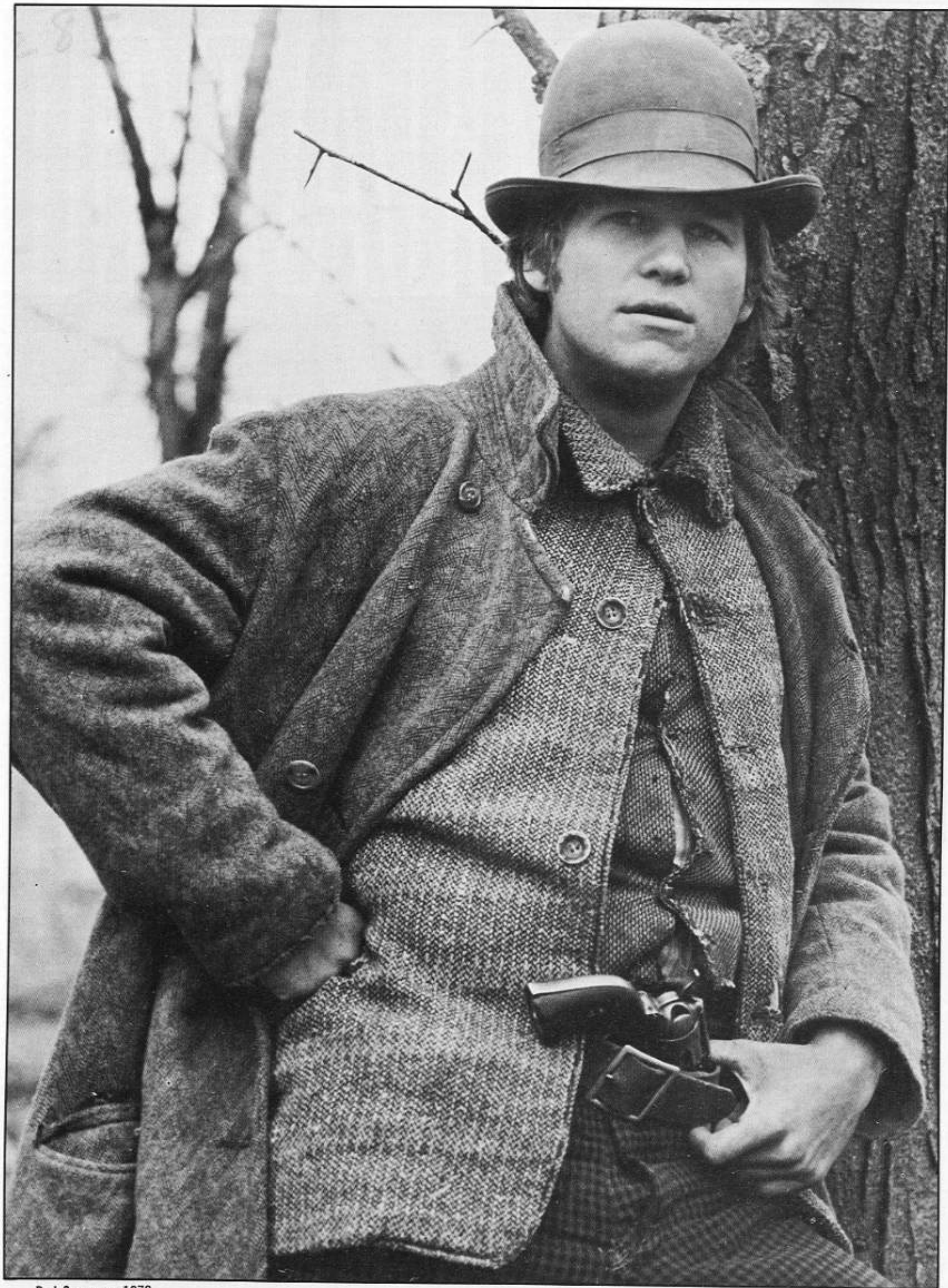
His parents have come to be more understanding of what one magazine recently called his "sea hunt of the mind." "I think they dig my thing pretty much. But it's more of a desperate situation now. They worry about not seeing me more. They want a closer relationship with their kids. They're trying to hold on, and they want to be closer."

That's a difficult situation in most families, but undoubtedly even more so since their son is well on his way to becoming a matinee idol and the most famous member of the family.

• • •



The Last Picture Show, 1971 & Hearts of the West, 1974 (top)



Bad Company, 1972

MIAMI



By John Saunders

Miami has something for everyone all year long, but during winter there's even more for visitors escaping the colder areas of the country.

Miami's climate, essentially subtropical marine, is mild and dry, temperatures in winter seldom dipping below a brisk 55 degrees. Most of the time, temperatures will be in the high 70's or low 80's during the days and in the 60's at night.

Even the Indians who settled here first came to escape the cold. The name Miami comes from a Calusa Indian word, Mayami, meaning "Big Water." An Indian village once occupied the site which is now Miami's

Bayfront Park, a very tropical park located on Biscayne Bay. The site appears on a map as early as 1514 — believed to be the earliest townsite of any city in the U.S. For years Bayfront Park was a cruising area, but recently it's become a dangerous place after sunset.

Cruising areas do abound in Greater Miami though. Along coconut tree-lined Biscayne Boulevard, from Northeast 16th Street north to 36th Street, there is someone on every corner waiting to meet, some for free, some for money.

Saturdays and Sundays find gays moving over to the beaches surrounding Miami. Virginia Beach, on Key

Biscayne, just a few miles from downtown Miami and not far from ex-President Nixon's winter home, is an area populated by young men showing off their muscles and other talents in skin-tight bathing suits; on more deserted sections of Virginia Beach there is nude bathing, though frowned on by police.

Miami Beach still has 21st Street Beach, a long-time favorite for gay vacationers. This small, but attractive beach on the Atlantic is packed during the winter holidays. The water hardly falls below 68 degrees.

Over three million travelers come to Miami Beach each year, by plane, boat, train, car or bus. Along U.S. 1,





The John Deering estate



the main highway to Miami, many hitchhikers can be seen making their way to the "Sun and Fun Capitol of the World." They all come looking for adventure, sun, and a good time. In Miami they can find what they're looking for.

There's no problem in finding a place to stay and there are hotels priced from \$5 a person on South Beach to \$70 a night at the plush Fountainebleau Hotel on Collins Avenue, the center of Miami Beach nightlife.

This winter there are top entertainers for every taste. The entertainment coup of the year will be Sammy Davis Jr. and Liza Minnelli at the Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood, a few miles north of Miami. There will be one show only on New Year's Eve costing \$250 per person for dinner and show, including tax and tip.

During Christmas week the Deauville Hotel has Joan Rivers and Hal Linden and the Americana Hotel will have Barry Ashton's "Paris Enchanté" on stage for two performances a night. The first a dinner show and a late show for \$7.50, drink with tax and tip included.

Greater Miami is loaded with gay clubs, ranging from rough to elegant places. The Double "R" Bar is a western-leather bar in downtown Miami and is the current "in" spot, located at 1001 N.E. 2nd. Ave. In Coconut Grove, the Greenwich Village of Miami, is the Hamlet, 3416 Main Highway. It is a favorite of young people, particularly the boys of the University of Miami. Also located in "The Grove," as it is often called, is the Candlelight, a private club, which caters to the well-off group. Food is great and the crowd mixed.

Also in Coconut Grove is the Coconut Grove Playhouse, a professional theatre, where "Bubbling Brown Sugar" continues to break all boxoffice records.

Next to the chic Chez Vivian Restaurant is The Lion's Den, 7140 S.W. 8th Street. It caters to an older crowd and is very popular. In Coral Gables is the Nook Bar, 255 Minorca, with a mixed age group including many good looking guys from the University of Miami as well as locals.

One of the older places that continues to bring in the gang is the Warehouse VIII, S.W. 8th Street in Miami. Dancing and drinks and very, very popular. Across town is the Stonewall Too Disco, 8000 Biscayne Blvd. It has a motel too.

(continued on page 88)

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JIM KEPNER

COMMENTS:

Around 1955, our gay movement was avid about causation. This concerns us today little more than old tales about why the robin's breast is red. Our uniqueness exists. Its cause hardly matters — we're busy trying our wings.

But knowing the nature of our uniqueness could help us know what to do with it. The robin's ruddy breast after all is functional. Without bogging down on "why we're that way," it's still worthwhile to explore how we differ, what it is we gays are. It's surely more than just our bed habits. The uniqueness we find in ourselves affects us each in complex ways, regardless of sexual expressions of that difference.

Where does it start? We answer depending on when we each noticed the difference — or whether we've bothered to remember.

UCLA researchers find transvestism to be fixed mindset by age two at least. Our initial gay singularities also are traceable to earliest childhood, our first expressions probably triggered by rather than caused by things that happen to us.

Several memories demonstrate my early tilt, though I didn't identify my gayness until 19. At five I begged my mother nightly to call a local radio station to have the old song, "My Buddy," played for me: "Nights are long since you went away; I dream about you all of the day, my buddy, my buddy, your buddy misses you. I long to feel the touch of your hand, long to know that you understand."

Earlier, through my white picket fence and through the whiter fence across the street, I watched two angelic, four-year-old twin boys, sparkling clean in linen suits and big silk bows. Hypnotized by their twinness, by the way they stood

holding hands, like one soft creature, not two, I yearned to join their twinness, to make it triplets. I probably never got to speak to them, but they awoke a desire I doubt they planted. Being fenced, I had no playmates 'til a year later.

A year or so before (I recalled this only recently in a flash, hearing an old record on the air) I was at Murdoch's Bathhouse, a great pavilion above Galveston beach. I feared falling through the wide gaps between the floor's 2x8's. I could see the whole beach 30 feet under my shoes. I wanted Daddy to hold me up — partly so I could see the seashells and trinkets in the many showcases, and fireworks out over the heavy waves.

A slim, elegant stranger held me up so I could watch the fireworks and an incredible moontrail glistening across the waves toward me. A small band was playing, and a singer with megaphone, the song which 40 years later reawakened this memory, complete with bathhouse and seaweed smells, and my stranger's sweet pungency.

At age three or four this man's firm arms were precious to me (unlike hundreds of people who'd held me at other times). His silken wrist hairs made me breathless with joy. I felt safe and snug despite all warnings to beware of strangers. I knew my father would soon find me, saying something curt to my friend, that the tie would be forever broken.

The song was: "Dear old pal how I miss you; I'm lonesome tonight. Dear old pal just to kiss you would make things seem bright. Dear old pal how I wish you would come back again. . . ."

For years I choked whenever I heard it. But I'd learned that boys don't cry. . . .

...

(continued from page 23)

"washed my hands and my heart of it." "While bathing in that bath," he reports, "I felt divinely free from all ill-will, or petulance, or malice, of any sort whatsoever."

Can one carry one's hatreds and petty envies to the baths? Or does the world of the "back room" offer us an escape, even if only momentary, from our least attractive selves? Is the steam bath at best potentially the most democratic place in America? That at least was the possibility that Melville saw and expressed through Ishmael. Throughout Melville's work there is the exciting, and radically new, perception that hatred and violence are due to the lust for power (expressed in power over Nature, over other men, or over women in the institution of marriage), and that a new world of friendship can begin to be established the day that we begin



to accept each other as lovers, the day that we see the penis as something to be held, caressed, and enjoyed, and not something to be used as a weapon or a tool.

Melville was not unaware of the sexual implications of what he was saying. In *Redburn*, a little-known novel published prior to *Moby Dick*, he presented a fictionalized version of his journey to Liverpool, where he discovered that his father's guide book could no longer serve (like his friend Hawthorne, Melville changed the spelling of his family name to an-

(continued on page 68)

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(continued from page 67)

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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

nounce his independence). There he presented a clearly gay character in the figure of Harry Bolton, a sensitive English aristocrat, who functions reasonably well in the civilized world of England, but who is not accepted by his more masculine ship-mates. In a wonderful image for the gay man rejected by his peers because of an arbitrary image of masculinity, Melville calls Harry a "zebra, banding with elks." Even Redburn, spokesman for the author, finally betrays Harry, by omission rather than commission. He leaves him penniless in New York because of "circumstances beyond my control" and later writes his elegy as he mourns a lost friend and perhaps a love that might have been. One is tempted to suggest that the young Melville may himself have "betrayed" a young English homosexual because of his own fears, only to recognize later the extent of this cruelty and failure of humanity.

The same novel depicts a young singer, Carlo, who is also effeminate, but whose graceful manner is apparently excused since he's Italian (thus symbolically dark, and in any case free from the constraints of Anglo-Saxon life, as in Baldwin's figure of Giovanni). Carlo's music becomes the spirit of art and the imagination, creating for Redburn a Midsummer Night's world in which all dreams can be realized, and all lovers be true. He has the Orphic gift of charming the savage beast.

That beast is not so easily charmed, however, as Melville suggested in his last work, *Billy Budd*, unpublished at his death. Billy is Melville's last hero, his last version of the Noble Savage and Handsome Sailor. Although he is usually imagined as blond (an idea strengthened by Terence Stamp's portrayal in the film), he is symbolically a dark lover, since he represents the more primitive, uncivilized forces, which always, as in the case of Queequeg, turn out to be more truly civilized than the representatives of civilization. Billy's stutter, his difficulty in speaking, is countered by his ability to sing. But Claggart, who nurses a "secret passion" (for Billy) will have none of this. Out of fear, envy, and desire, he plots to destroy the force of sexuality. In Claggart Melville treats sensitively the case of a "closet" homosexual, whose self-repression leads him to hatred of those who dare

to "enjoy" that which he himself desires so deeply and yet fears.

Most critics maintain that Melville shared the point of view of Captain Vere, who sympathizes with Billy in a "fatherly" way but who nonetheless must condemn him to die. In the context of Melville's other works, this interpretation is impossible. Billy's death is indeed tragic, but it is also unnecessary. If only Billy and Claggart had squeezed sperm together, perhaps they need both never have died. It is a radical, almost utopian idea, but it is one that places Melville squarely at the center of 19th century American democratic thought. Can we really get out of bed, or the steam room, to hate and kill those whom we have loved? Melville had Billy die, because Claggart could not love, and because Vere, the perfect liberal, rationalizes his "justice" with the thought that it is an imperfect world. But Billy was resurrected, and lives on in the story's final ballad. The spirit of youth, the spirit of music, the sailors and the world they knew remained permanently a part of Melville's imagination. Himself married and a father, Melville never ceased to yearn for a return to that other world in which friends were finally true and we all join hands and penises all around. America's greatest "tragic" writer was also its most romantic visionary.

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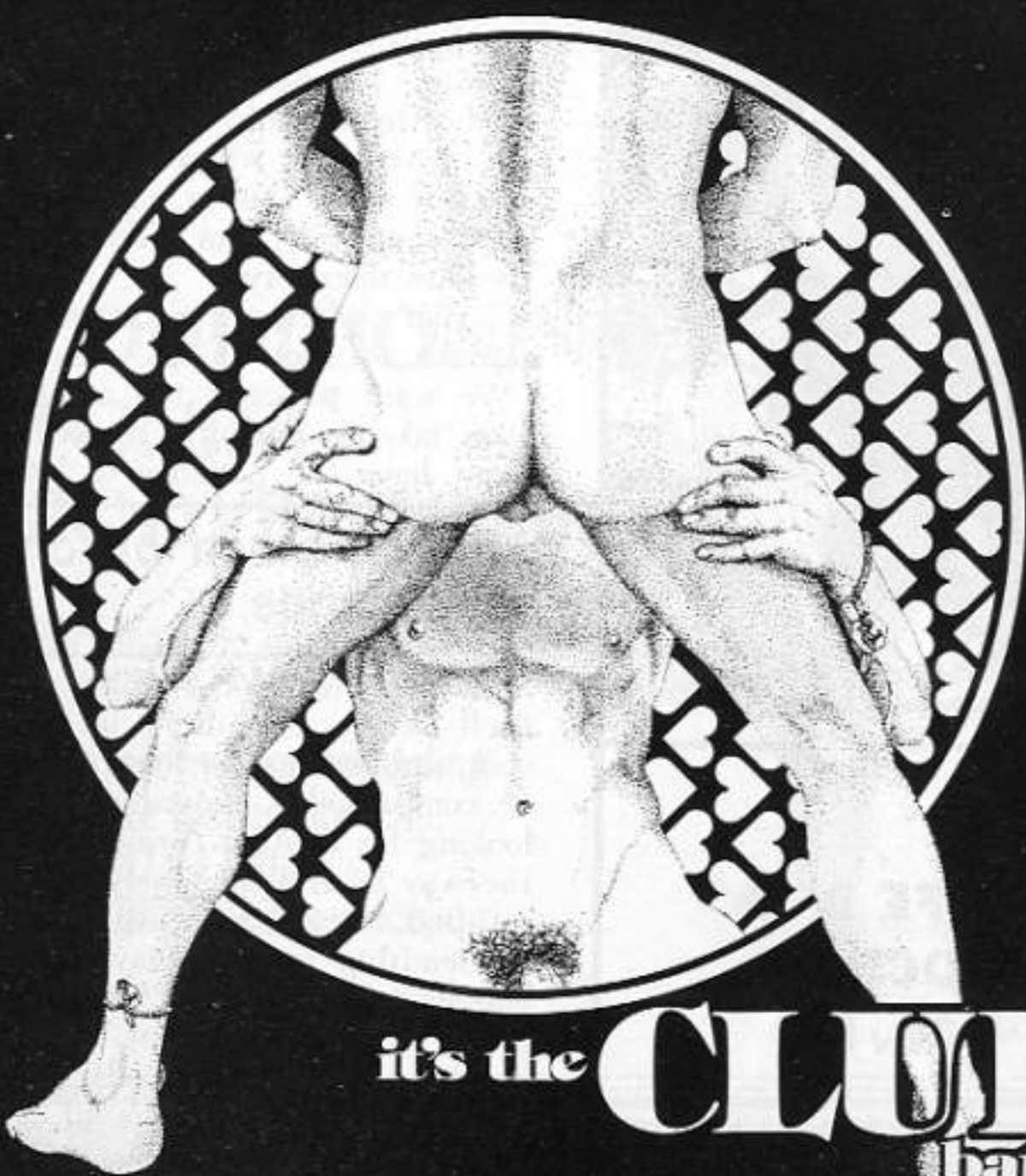
GREG LANE

(continued from page 17)

"Sorry about that," he grins. "I get carried away. We'll have about 14 separate synched tracks on this new picture and it has to be just right or the old man will do what he's always threatening: Buy me a one way ticket to Disneyland!"

Greg not only appreciates his work but he appreciates his country, Canada. Unashamedly gay, but masculine as a marlin spike, he's proud of the consenting adult law that the Canadian Parliament under Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau passed years ago. He speaks of the drag queens stumbling over each other on Davie Street every night; of the many clubs that have been open in Vancouver for a decade; the growingly free acceptance that Canadians were showing long before the laws began to relax in the States.

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GREG LANE

"I'm not much on one-night stands," he says thoughtfully. "Sure, once in a while somebody comes along who just happens to jolt the meter but not often. I could live quite happily with one guy as long as we both cared enough to compromise. I'm not talking about the kind of relationship that lasts a couple of weeks, or where you run out and buy a new shower curtain to impress somebody. I'm talking about the slow discovery.

"That's where we make our first mistake in such things," he says. "We want to know too much too soon, take too much for granted. We don't have the patience to let the

"I'm not much on one-night stands."

mystique linger for a while, reveal itself slowly. We don't let sexual compatibility mature into personality compatibility before we're out looking for another turn-on. That's the way to end up lonely and unsatisfied. Sex is a great beginning for a friendship but you have to care enough to take it a lot further than that if you want it to last."

Long walks in the woods, pulling off his jeans to splash around in the icy waters of a glacial stream, always listening for the symphony of sound. That's what he likes most, the private side of Greg Lane. The public side is a happy, extroverted guy who lets off steam by dancing, driving his sports car around the incredible curves on

"Sex is a great beginning for a friendship . . ."

the Squamish Highway out of Horseshoe Bay, or being what he calls a "sucker audience" for anyone who can tell a funny story without lousing up the punch line.

"That's my most outstanding quality," he says, shrugging. "I'm gullible as hell, the perfect target for practical jokes. Just yesterday the old man — the director — came up to me, deadly serious, real quiet like, and put his arm around me. 'Greg,' he said, 'I want you to get a beautiful sound track of those clouds passing so we can use it with the scene. It'll add a lot.'

"You know something? He was so goddamned convincing that I stood there for five minutes wondering how I was going to do it! Then I saw the script girl smirking behind those

stupid shades of hers and I knew that I'd been had again!

"Then I remembered what the old man had told me about Voltaire. 'When I tease my friends, all is well. When I stop teasing, beware.'

"So, I put on the headset, took the Nagra, told everybody to shut up, and walked around with the mike pointed at the sky. They all cracked up!"

Laughter and a love of life. That's what one remembers about Greg Lane. In addition to the obvious, of course. ● ● ●

AROUND THE WORLD

(continued from page 21)

Highspot is "Gestes D'Amour," by Frantz Salieri, in which the barriers of sexuality are truly blurred.



"Carte Blanche" ballet

Incidentally, Salieri is the founder of the sophisticated drag revue "La Grande Eugene," which had a triumphal and constantly extended season in London and who are currently preparing a new show for the U.S.

Anyone thinking of seeing the show on Monday should plan on making a night of it. Almost directly across the road from the Phoenix Theatre is Bang Disco (at The Sundown, 157 Charing Cross Road, next

(continued on page 78)

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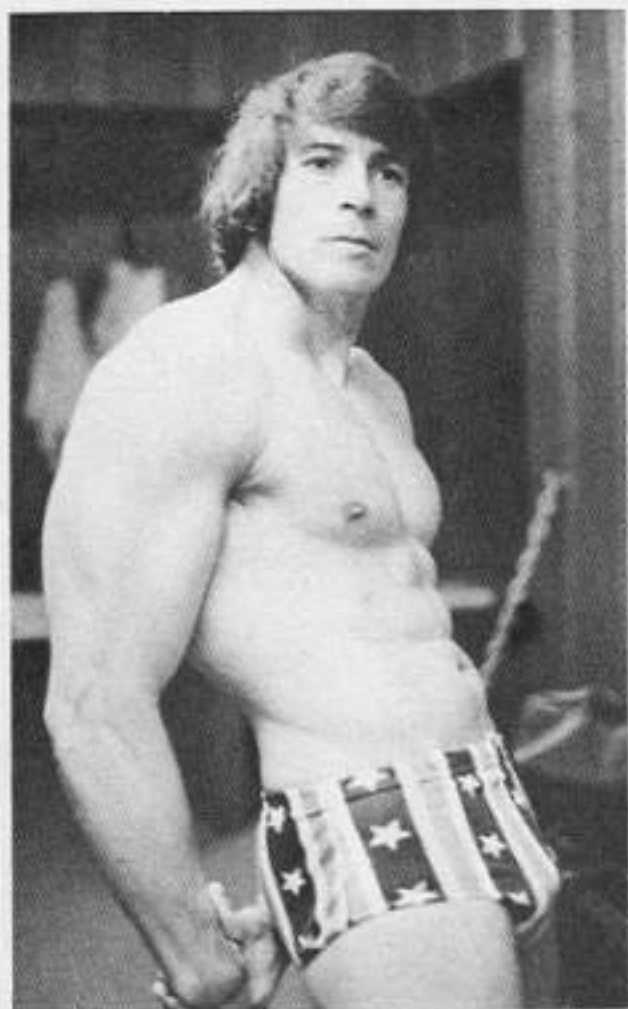
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VIRGO . . . AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

There are some practical things that need handling right now. It could be the garbage disposal needs fixing, the faucet that keeps dripping, or that squeaky bed spring. Whatever it is, fix it. Taking off your shirt and baring those muscles might do a lot more for you than fixing a leaky faucet . . . who knows, an inquisitive neighbor might offer to give you a hand or offer you the use of a special tool he's been saving for such an occasion as this . . . and you will need some help checking out that squeaky bed spring. So what are you waiting for?

LIBRA . . . SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

Don't judge your present position by your bank balance. You were in a better position last night . . . or at least, with a little effort, you should be in a good position tonight, so quit worrying. With your personality, almost anything is obtainable. Keep smiling, learn a few new jokes and don't let the moths breed in your wallet. Go spread it around at your favorite watering hole. Who knows, you may be able to switch off your electric blanket and rely on body warmth to give you that all-over glow. You've got it, Babe . . . now go out and get it.

SCORPIO . . . OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

Maybe you have had to carry out a few unpleasant tasks recently . . . like firing your assistant or asking a friend to repay the money he borrowed. It's all in a day's work and it had to be done. Now relax and see what's cooking on the other burner. Friends always like to rally 'round you, especially when you're in season. So invite some of them up for supper, bring out the goodies and have a ball . . . but make sure you have enough to go around at breakfast. You'd be amazed how hungry guests can be at breakfast, no matter how much they had to eat the previous evening.

SAGITTARIUS . . . NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

Have you been neglecting your mate? Forgetting the little touches of friendship and love that have kept you together? Shame on you. No need to buy roses. Try something more personal like a love bite where it doesn't show. Don't follow your intuition; follow your heart. This should be an easy task, even in the dark as you know where he's heading. Now's your chance to give until it hurts. They say it's better to give than receive, but there are exceptions to the rule and this is one of them.

CAPRICORN . . . DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

Have you been working on a new project lately? If so, check him out and don't neglect the details. If the new project hasn't been started, then go over the details carefully. Are you sure there will be enough room in the closet for all those extra clothes this new project might bring? Sharing an umbrella or a raincoat on a wet night is one thing, but swapping duds can be a drag, especially if the drag was expensive. You don't really know him until you live with him . . . and quite often you know . . . that's living, even if he snores and eats nuts in bed.

AQUARIUS . . . JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

Are you being annoyed by someone? Is he being too persistent? Relax, but don't let him get away. You've got what he wants, so make a deal. Your hunches about now should be right, nevertheless, still be a little cautious and don't fly off the handle or vice versa. Things can be blown out of all proportion when you're blinded with uncontrollable passion. So check it out — there's probably less in it than meets the eye.

SCOPE

By ROGER ASQUITH

PISCES . . . FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

You seem a little eager to change a few things . . . an itch that bugs you. Be patient, hang on to what you've got for a little longer. Dame Fortune can be a feisty old bitch at times and you might wind up in the fire and think the frying pan looked good by comparison. If your present bedfellow is getting a little old hat, go out and get a new one . . . hat that is. But make sure there's somebody cute wearing it. Maybe after a little sexy divertissement, your old bedfellow may come up to scratch . . . that itch you had, remember.

ARIES . . . MARCH 21—APRIL 20

A financial matter that bugs you could be solved if you know the ropes. Check your credit. You're attracted to the bright lights and flit off to the glamorous glitter like a butterfly in heat. You often settle for beauty that's only skin deep and ignore the more meaty fare for fear of rejection. It's never wise to bite off more than you can chew . . . and it's a no-no to even chew on it. Check out the whole prospect like you would a menu, and don't let the waiter spill soup in your fly.

TAURUS . . . APRIL 21—MAY 20

You resist change and plod along like a contented bull. Your friends can usually figure out your moves. Why not add a little zest to your life and show 'em where it's at in that china shop you've always wanted to visit. No need to wreck the joint, but putting a few sacred cows to flight might do everybody a favor. An ex-bedmate might start pawing at your love nest. Ignore him, if he's an EX then he wasn't that hot, was he? It's a stupid bird who fouls his own nest, but bulls seem to go all over the place these days.

GEMINI . . . MAY 21—JUNE 21

Listen to the advice of an old friend. You're inclined to go off half-cocked, which is the best way to ruin a session. Curb your desire to spend. The best things in life are free, fattening and often illegal, and you know which is which. You don't have to buy your friends, they know a good thing when they see it, so no need to flaunt it until you're sure you know what you're flaunting it for. That secret project you've been hoping to achieve may have failed. Next time don't goof off, and the best of luck at the next erection.

CANCER . . . JUNE 22—JULY 22

Make sure you take care of tasks around the home that will make your weekends more enjoyable. Weekend guests can be a drag or be IN drag — no matter — you're the hostess and you'll have to do a lot more than get humped. You can't eat off paper plates all the time, so fetch out the special china and show 'em you know how to do it right. It's the little personal touches that make the difference, like coffee and a shake halfway down at 8:30, just to show him you knew where it was at all the time.

LEO . . . JULY 23—AUGUST 23

Look around you; are you living in a dump? Does the ceiling really need painting like you've been told. Is your color TV now monochrome? The shower just a drip of its former gushing self? You need to start feathering your nest, good-looking. Fix up the place. Invite a husky friend for the weekend and hand him a paintbrush by day and the works at night. Coax the best out of him. After the balling is over you might want to throw one . . . a ball that is, but tell them not to dance on the ceiling, that's reserved for special occasions.

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ON THE TOWN

(continued from page 13)



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A great novelty act is Ernest Montego, rated as one of the great jugglers in the world today. He uses balls, clubs, lighted flares, and swords in his act. Not only is he talented, but he is a pleasure to look at.

But the highlight of "Paris Enchante" is Patrick, All-American male stripper. He starts his number surrounded by four lovely blond showgirls who soon leave him alone on stage while he strips from a glittering tux to a black red-lined cape. He finishes his number completely nude, and yells and cheers follow.

The biggest production number takes place in Haiti on a typical, tropical day. Glenn Holse's set creates the aura of sultry laziness. There is a story line, loosely patterned after the story of "Sadie Thompson" with dancers Bryant and Shannon playing love scenes in a sensuous nude adagio.

"Paris Enchante" plays through May.

—Jaycito

(continued on page 90)

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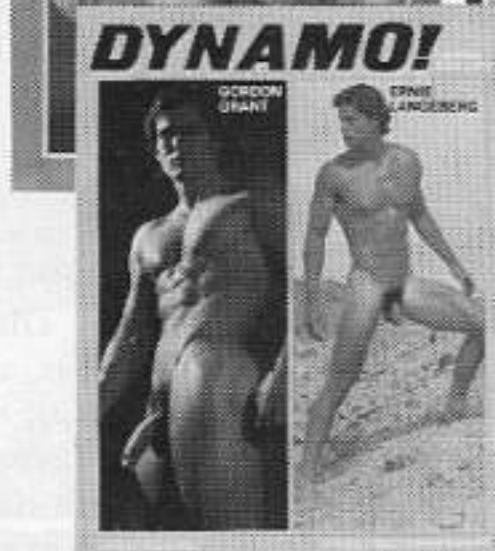
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(continued from page 70)

to Tottenham Court Road tube station). Yanks used to the clubs and discos back home are often taken aback by the tiny British discos and clubs.

Bang is the exception to that rule. Co-founder and D.J. Gary London vacationed in L.A. last year and after visiting Studio One and other discos, decided that London needed something similar. Bang is the result — it opened last February and is an enormous success.

The premises are vast by London standards — capacity is around 1200, and there are several bars and a restaurant which serves hamburgers and chips. Drinks are at London pub prices. The decor leaves something to be desired — it could best be described as discreetly tacky. Yet this hasn't stopped the crowds every Monday, the **only** night it's open, from 9 until 2 a.m.

Bang is a club and there are differing rates for members and their guests but it's certainly a disco to visit if in London. And there's always a chance of seeing celebrities like

(continued on page 84)



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More Good Reading

—Jim Kepner

During years when I thought myself a poet, I wrote naive verses more lacking in modern technique than those of Rod McKuen, who has so tapped the hearts of a generation. But I looked down on his pretty style, until I read his autobiographical, *Finding My Father* (Coward McCann & Geoghegan, 200 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016, \$7.95, 253 pgs.).

I regret my snobbery. This is a book of binding beauty, an account of a magic childhood and a long search for the father who disappeared soon after Rod's conception, a note of sympathy for "bastards" everywhere. Not knowing who your parents are and wanting to know is rather like wanting to share your gayness with the world and being unable to explain to friends why that's important to you.

This is a book to cherish, to use as a guide in finding the spirit in McKuen's often unpolished lines. It may even prompt me to some detective work of my own regarding the 8-month-old baby that was abandoned 53 years ago outside John Sealy Memorial Hospital in Galveston ("our little visitor from Mars," the local press said) and was adopted and given the name James Kepner, Jr. The book includes pertinent verse and photos.

Frances Ethel Gumm (her trouper parents had hoped for a Frank, Jr.) was born in something very like that "trunk in Pocatello, Idaho" she sang so movingly about in *A Star Is Born*. The place actually was Minneapolis and she became Judy Garland, whose elfin voice and private sufferings inspired millions. I had been uncomfortable with the continued sentimentalization of Judy at least since a 1970 *Esquire* article noted that on the same weekend that one generation of gays on Fire Island was mourning her passing, a new generation of angry gays was born in Sheridan Square.

Still, *Judy*, by Gerold Frank (Dell paperback, \$2.50, 716 pgs. with pictures and cut-out cover), is an ex-

cellent account, the fullest and most intimate to date.

Butterflies in Heat by Darwin Porter (Manor Books, 432 Park Ave. South, N.Y. 10016, \$1.95, 474 pgs.), is a gay version for the general trade of those old lushly grotesque "Southren" novels resembling Tennessee Williams' *Sweet Bird of Youth*, replete with heart-of-gold whores (in this case, transvestite), dotty old ladies who may prove to be lethal, obscenely venal politicians and the crudely vicious police they own, and all sorts of other bravura characters composed of interchangeable cardboard parts. Fine for patio reading, but personally, I couldn't wait to put it down.

No space to do justice to Michael Perkins' *The Secret Record: Modern Erotic Literature* (Wm. Morrow, \$7.95, 227 pgs.), but its perceptive and critical account of modern erotic writers and their techniques lacks the self-serving apologies most critics throw in when they talk about porn as if they had a mouthful of shit and couldn't say the word. Several gay works analyzed . . .

Walter Rinder's *Where Will I Be Tomorrow?* is another of his McKuenesque collections of verse, essayettes and photos, mostly of tender young men (Celestial Arts, 231 Adrian Road, Milbrae, CA 94030, \$4.95, 143 pgs.). This one is less ambiguous in its gay appeal. The photography involves a poetic charm which the verse often misses. Try it; chances are you'll like it very much.

Dynamic Damsels, by Roberta Gregory (P.O. Box 4192, Long Beach, CA 90804, \$1 plus 35 cents postage, 34 pgs.), is a well-drawn and super sharp superdyke comic book which all of you should look over.

Dream Notebook, by Robert Gumpertz, with drawings by Diana Brewer (San Francisco Book Co., distributed by Simon & Schuster), is a handsome diary for your dreams, with hints on how to do them more imaginatively, plus some fine quotes on the art of dreaming.

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Letters

My Type Of Guy!

Jaime De La Costa is my type of guy. Unbelievably gorgeous!! He has everything — handsome face, beautiful body and a big cock. Please include him in your next special edition.

Unsigned,
Brooklyn, N.Y.



We will. If you think he was something in Issue No. 26, wait till you see him in all his glory in the next special edition, out in February.

Wants More Of Alberto

I just purchased a copy of *IN TOUCH*, Issue No. 26, and inside you have several photos of Alberto Rivers, photography by Charles Adams, and I like this model's pictures. I was wondering who I might contact to purchase more photos.

Don Margeson
Laredo, Tex.

Individual photos are not available for sale, but Rivers will be included in our next special edition, out in February, 1977. And you won't want to miss him there!

How About Japan?

I have been an avid follower of *IN TOUCH* for quite awhile. I think that your magazine is the best around. You always have very good photos of great looking guys and very good articles. You have an *IN TOUCH* supporter for life.

There is one thing that I would like to see in your magazine, though. And that is more nude photos of the Japanese men and perhaps an article on the gay life over in Japan. I was stationed in Tokyo while in the Air Force. As a matter of fact, the Japanese are the ones who brought me out. The gay life in Tokyo is fantastic and I would like to see an article on it, complete with nude Japanese men.

Christopher Parks
Denver, Colo.

Suggestion noted.

Proud Of Us

I have completed three years active duty in the Army with an honorable discharge. I am proud of you for your advancement in the gay movement and I hope you continue your publication for a long time.

Andrew Lindberg
Baldwin, N.Y.

Don't Forget Us!

Recently I was in Jackson, Miss., and was fortunate enough to come across a copy of Issue No. 26 of *IN TOUCH* at a shop there (the only one of its kind in that city to my knowledge). You and your staff are on the right track and are to be congratulated in your efforts to present men as men. Sorry I can't identify myself. This would be a disaster in this town. Your publication of course is unavailable here, but hopefully I will be able to locate future issues in Jackson or some other larger city.

My only complaint about your really slick publication is that I feel a portion of it should be directed toward the older male, for instance age 40 or over. There may be publications along this line but with the limited exposure we have in this area, I have never seen any. For that matter, there are no publications available here at all. This is not to appear critical of your magazine for I understand your appeal would be to the younger male, but we older males are here too.

A Mississippi Reader

(continued on page 83)

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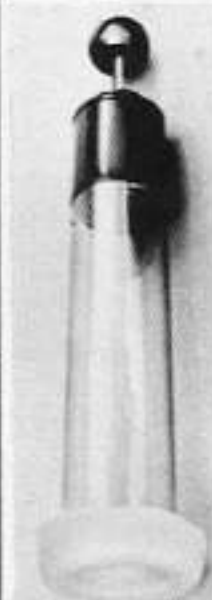
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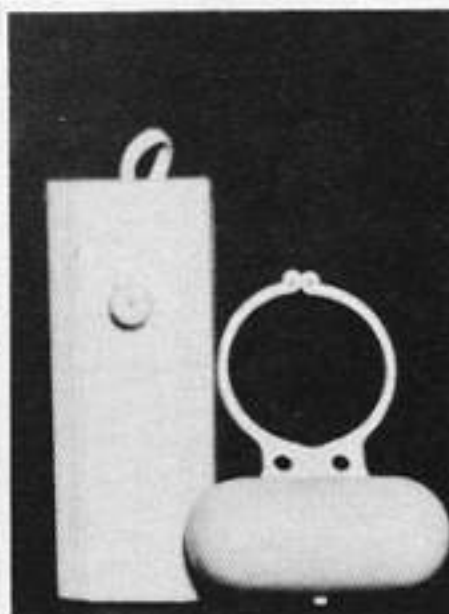
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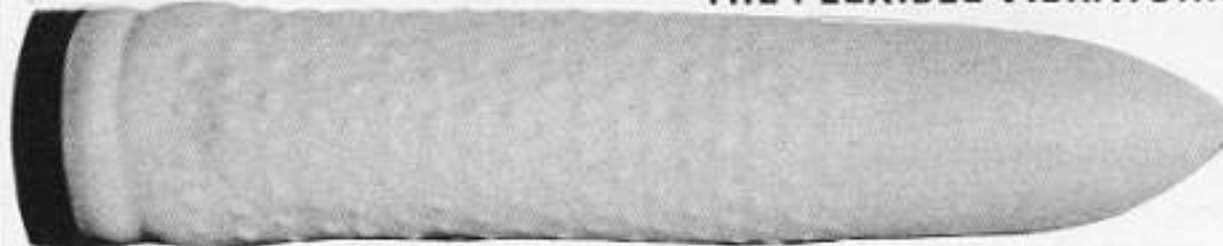


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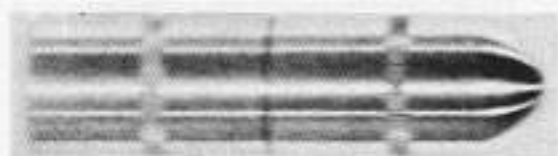
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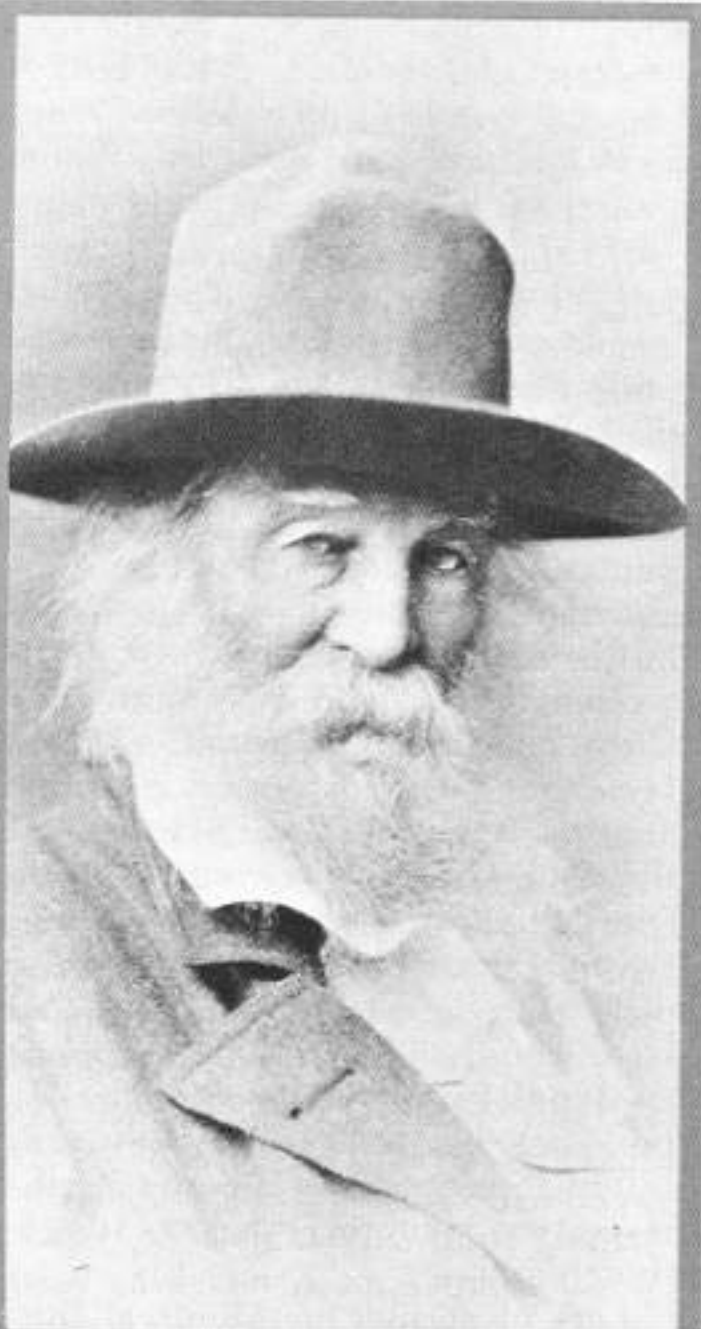
Many of our contributors are over 40. Jim Kepner, whose comments and book reviews appear in each issue, says he's 53. It's true our nudes are usually young, but you'll see some older models in 1977.

On Walt Whitman

I read Robert K. Martin's article on Walt Whitman in Issue No. 26 with great interest, and a new appreciation of the poet and his poetry. It is indeed unfortunate that many students of literature never become aware of the real meaning in some of Whitman's poems. I look forward to articles on other writers with similar sympathies.

N. St. Clair-Sulis
Campbell River, Canada

You'll enjoy Martin's piece on Melville in this issue.



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(continued from page 78)

Elton John, Rod Stewart, Bryan Ferry, Andy Warhol, Robin Maugham or "Department S's" Jason King, Peter Wyngarde.

—Peter Burton

montreal

The bar scene in Montreal is changing faster than you can say *IN TOUCH*. When Studio 1 opened on St. Catherine Street, it took all the business away from Le Rocambole on Stanley Street. Le Rocambole became a leather bar called Trux, which then took all the business away from Le Tareau D'or. Le Taureau D'or then changed its name to the Corral and they lived happily ever after.

Other new gay discos in town are Le Cabaret Milord on Stanley Street and the newly re-opened Valentin's at the foot of Mt. Royal and Park Avenue. But it's the Limelight and Le Jardin, both on Stanley Street, that are still the most popular places now. Next column, who knows?

No truth to the rumor that Elton John is settling in Montreal. He does come here every now and then to do some recording and pop in some of the local nightspots, but nothing permanent for Captain Fantastic. . . . If you're in Montreal Dec. 28th to Jan. 2nd, don't forget Toller Cranston and the Ice Show at the Velodrome on the Olympic site.

Would You Believe Department: Crescent Street in Montreal has become a haven for several gay bike gangs. But the cops don't like the fact that our boys are scaring off that street's fast tourist trade. The morality squad now has 10 plainclothes dicks patrolling the street. First the boys were kicked out of Old Montreal and Lafontaine Park, and now the poor bikers are being evicted from Crescent Street. Where's a self-respecting motorcycle gang to go these days?

Lots of theater in Montreal this month if you're so inclined. The world premiere of the play "Artichoke" at the Centaur Theater in Old Montreal. "Hedda Gabbler" at the Phoenix Theater and Moliere's "School for Wives" at the Saidye Bronfman Theater.

See you next issue. Merci et bonjour.

—Tim E. Taylor

toronto

Toronto boasts in having the tallest free-standing structure in the world—the CN Tower—which soars phallically 1,815 feet into the clouds. *IN TOUCH*'s free-standing structures are somewhat more manageable and perhaps even more pleasing to the eye. Notwithstanding that fact, Toronto is a free-and-easy town and a favorite spot for a wide number of entertainment biggies. In addition to being the entertainment capital of Canada, it peaks the North American show-biz triangle.

Elton John enjoyed visiting here 'til the daily press accused him of coming merely to reverse his retreating hairline. An unkind and irrelevant remark, yes, and a rare occurrence, for To, as we call it, is a kind and hospitable city and exercises a great deal of tolerance.

In an upcoming issue, we'll describe the scene in detail and tell *IN TOUCH* readers where to get watered, steamed, bedded, well-fed and boogied to exhaustion.

Don't miss: "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown" featuring Grant Cowan, the world's greatest Snoopy, at St. Lawrence Centre, Dec. 22 to New Year's Day.

—Brian Crown

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twenty one years ago

MONTROSE, Colo.: Dist. Judge Hughes ordered convicted sex offender castrated, assuming operation would halt sex desires. State medical officers delay operation temporarily. Victim, given choice of life in prison or castration, chose latter. . . . Englewood Magistrate William Young sued *Denver Post* for libel: they'd attacked his dropping of charges against man said to have propositioned youth. Ousted as magistrate by Englewood City Council.

Three bills introduced in Michigan Senate (passed in House) allowing indeterminate sentences (one day to life) for sex offenders even before

conviction. . . .

DETROIT: Flamboyant Prophet Jones booked, with 14 of his flock, on morals charge on complaint of a vice squad plant. Jones, famed for fancy dress, lavish parties and piano with built-in bed, had been plagued by debts, as more and more of the lavish gifts his parishioners loaded him with turned out to be unpaid-for. Loyal flock followed the ladylike Prophet to jail, chanting, "All is well."

Twin brothers, aged 21, on trial in Manchester, Kentucky death of a grocer who broke up their fight with his son — who'd refused to dance with the brothers. . . . Union City, N.J. vice cops raid a bookieshop, find deputy chief's father and brother, city detective, police lieutenant and mayor's aide among patrons. . . .

PHILADELPHIA *Inquirer* feature on "Corridors of Crime" says, "Sex deviates use the Broad St. Subway as an 'underground railway,' congregating where the Morals Squad is not, making its restrooms convenient places of assignation, and getting away easily on passing trains when police are called." Police Commissioner Gibbons said proper policing would cost another yearly million. . . .

MASSACHUSETTS Rep. Scribelli's bill requiring psychotests of camp counsellors to spot sex deviate tendencies opposed by YMCA officials. Sen. George Evans said, "tendencies" don't seem to mean much in practice. Proposal to convert Court Square in Springfield to a parking lot, with excuse that park has "unsavory moral reputé" as a "Sodom and Gomorrah." Parking Commissioner Thomas Costello said, "I think this park out here has more people arrested than any other part of the city for committing unnatural acts."

Rep. Armand Tancrati of Springfield and Rep. Ruether of Williamstown sponsor bill for \$4 million state hospital at Belmont to "treat sex deviates." Tancrati, who'd already spent \$105,000 of P.T.A. money on the measure howled when Gov. Christian Herter urged legislature to try a cheaper plan.

HeddaHop gushing about Charles Laughton's life as a millionaire Jamaica beachcomber: "Waves roll in gently, like a leaf turning over. Calypso boys make the evenings gay with their mad music. . . ."

—Dal McIntire

1973

NOVEMBER

Fred Halsted, Zuma Beach, Leather Fashion

DECEMBER

Tijuana, The Male Groupie

1974

JANUARY

Bruce Morgan, Harvey Evans, Wortman-Hartzog, Jim French's "Another Man"

FEBRUARY

Rick Herold, Grand Funk Fashion

MARCH

Ron Howard, John Rechy, Roy Dean's "Naked Image"

APRIL

Mae West, Swimwear, Dirt Biking, David Miller, Curtis Harrington

MAY

Don Johnson, Roy Dean, Emerald Bay Diving

JUNE

Rick Gates, California Casual Fashion, Coming Out On Broadway

JULY

Cal Culver (Casey Donovan)

AUGUST

George Rose, Dune Buggy, Stephen Papich

SEPTEMBER

Alice Faye, Earl Wilson Jr., Nick Nolte, San Francisco Fashion

OCTOBER

Marc Singer, Terrence McNally, Underwear, Marlboro Country

NOVEMBER

Beau Bridges, Dakota, Skiing, Off-Off-Broadway

1975

DEC./JAN.

John Calvin, Yucatan

JUNE/JULY

Glenda Jackson, Polk Street, Natchez, Grant Tracy Saxon, New Orleans

AUG./SEPT.

Shirley MacLaine, Robert Morse, LaBelle, Jim Cassidy, Pat Rocco, Ed Fury, Fire Island

OCT./NOV.

Tab Hunter, Paris, Columbia, Ann-Margaret, Michael Greer

1976

DEC./JAN.

Elton John, Anne Baxter, Joseph Bottoms, Elizabeth Taylor, Chicago, Clyde Dayton Wallace, Art of Harry Bush, Tom DeSimone

MAR./APR.

Barbra Streisand, Melba Moore, Shirley Bassey, Bruce Davison, Tom O'Horgan, New York

MAY/JUNE

Tennessee Williams, Sal Mineo, Martin Sheen, Cocteau's Sailors, London, Atlanta, Gotham

JULY/AUG.

Christopher Isherwood, Russ Tamblyn, Wakefield Poole, Haiti, San Francisco, Patricia Nell Warren's "Front Runner", Tattoos, Making It In La Jolla

SEPT./OCT.

Warren Beatty, Bette Midler, Peter Berlin, Los Angeles, Harry Bush's IN TOUCH Sketchbook, "The Outlaw"

NOV./DEC.

Robert Redford, Jan-Michael Vincent, Lucille Ball, Australia, Boston, Walt Whitman, Men Together

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BUNS

(continued from page 25)



"natural" mode of homosexual intercourse, with fellatio regarded as disgusting and "unnatural."

Martial (40-104 A.D.), for instance, has nothing but contempt for the Roman who lets his catamite climax in his mouth. Pedication was

"...late-nite callers hoped to exploit me for their fantasies — telephone in one hand, penis in the other."

acceptable, but not fellatio. Thus, taken at random from his Epigrams:

Vilely smells, you say, the breath of lawyers and of poets. But that of a fellator, Zoilus, smells worse.

—XI, xxii.

And he sternly admonishes the reader:

Nature has separated the male: one part has been produced for girls, one for men. Use your own part.

—XI, xxx.

A former student of mine tells me that as a sailor in London he got more business than he could handle.

Fellatio was still (1953) a novelty to the British. They had not yet learned the art and they wanted my Jesse to show them how.

The penile outlook, however, seemed to prevail during the early '70s and gay films featured miles and miles of endless blow jobs with the actors deliberately keeping their bottoms from view.

I thought of all this from time to time, especially whenever a comely nude would be presented frontally with no corresponding obverse. Finally, several weeks ago, I decided to test by inserting the following classified ad in our local gay newspaper:

GLORIOUS BUNS!

I love them. If under 23, I will serve them gratis — message, rim, spank — you name it. For appt. call . . .

I repeated the ad with larger type in the following issue. It was a real eye-catcher:

YOUR BUNS!

I LOVE THEM.

I want them.

For free services (under 30) call

This I reinforced with a similar ad in a national gay biweekly with a circulation of 80,000. The editor primly converted my "rim" to "rear Fr."

The results were spectacular. There were never less than three calls a day, often more. For sleep some nights I had to take the receiver off the hook. That was 64 days ago, for a grand total of well over 200 calls from fellow-analists all over the country. Mind you, those ads did not offer fellatio or buggery — just spanking and analingus.

First to call was an 18-year-old youngster just graduated from high school and now about to set out for an out-of-town college.

"I'm awfully confused about sex," he said, "and I'm determined to get things straightened out in my mind before I leave home."

"Are you gay?"

"I think so. I'm not sure. All I think about is feet."

"Men's feet? Or women's? Athletes? Buddies?"

"Feet. Just disembodied feet. But they have to be ripe and sweaty."

"Are those your fantasies for masturbation?"

"Certainly."

With graduate degrees in psychology and counseling, I found this intensely interesting. We made an appointment for the following week but he called ahead and canceled it — obviously "chickened out."

Next to call was an eager and convinced analist. He could hardly wait. But then he too chickened out. And he did the same thing a second time — first made and then begged off an appointment.

A 17-year-old called in from the suburbs in search of gay peers: "I don't know a soul out here my own age and it's driving me nuts. I feel like a monster."

He clearly needed social support. I suggested the weekly coffee klatsch at the Unitarian church. Ironically, too, there must have been at least a dozen later calls from that same boy's community, a few of the voices so immature and tentative that they must have been around his age.

About one in 10 of the callers wanted to be spanked. This surprised me. I had considered this preference relatively rare, and certainly confined to older men. Not so.

I also found the Italians inordinately preoccupied with the backside. Perhaps one in three of my respondents was of that descent.

"... at eight, I was dreaming of it constantly, of exposing mine to others and examining theirs."

Well, the Italian appreciates beauty and he has learned that the rosette can generate the most exquisite sensations.

One of the boys was a Lutheran seminarian with sparse hair, and nearsighted to the point of crossed eyes. But he had a neat little bottom and a charming personality.

Of those 200-plus callers, only five actually showed up in person and they have never returned to repeat the experience. Why? Because, taken out of context, analingus is bizarre. It is basically an expression of love, affection, friendship. But between two strangers it has no meaning. And how long can such a transaction be drawn out? Not more than 20 or 30 minutes. To drive any distance at all for such brief pleasure is asking too much for too little.

(continued on page 88)



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Size . . . S ☐, M ☐, L ☐ and
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IN TOUCH,

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6 full color slides \$10.00
Brochure and sample \$3.00

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Must state that you are over 21
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STEVEN
402 Whitney Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221

(continued from page 87)

With no help from his hands, and with no other stimulation, one fellow climaxed during analingus. He told me he always does. But I had never seen it happen before.

"About one in 10 of the callers wanted to be spanked."

Practically all the calls originated in curiosity. My ads were provocative in an impudent way. If the reader had any intellectual or sensual curiosity at all, he was virtually compelled to investigate. Then to get me off the line and himself off the hook, the easiest way was just to set up an appointment — and then promptly forget it.

"... my fellow students would invariably prefer to expose their front rather than their back."

Four different men asked to be picked up across town, but when I arrived, no one was there. Again, cold feet at the last minute.

Practically all late-night callers hoped to exploit me for their fantasies — telephone in one hand, penis in the other. Thus, I was aroused at two o'clock one morning by a youthful whisper: "Will you cum on my buns?" — (Wearily) "Whatever you say, doc." — "Okay. Now I can get back to the party." (End of conversation.)

"— some round and rosey, some muscular — almost intimidating, buns long and horsey, buns like grapefruit and basketballs."

There were a few "breathers," and one collect call from a "Harry Buns" of Philadelphia. In fact, after the national ad came out, there was no end of long-distance calls — many of them from students intending to register the following week at one or another of our three universities.

One chap calls weekly from out of town to report on his pubic hair. He likes to shave his crotch and then describe its glories to whoever will listen.

(continued on page 92)

MIAMI

CLUB MIAMI



Bill Parks and Barry Sparks poolside at Club Miami Baths

(continued from page 64)

The most interesting of the gay spots for shows and party games is Keith's Cruise Room, located in Hallandale, a few miles north of Miami Beach. It has been around for a few years and continues as one of the biggest draws in South Florida. Owner Keith Landon is always coming up with some new gimmick or presenting his feature, The Date Game, emceed by Michael St. Laurent. It's located at 813 S.E. 1st Ave., Hallandale.

Another few miles up the highway is Fort Lauderdale and its many swinging discos. The Tangerine, 2960 North Federal Highway, has dining, disco and a piano bar.

Just opened in Fort Lauderdale is The Body Shop, 101 South Atlantic Boulevard. It has a pool for daytime activities, and in the evening it is South Florida's newest cruise bar. No dancing, no glitter, just action. It's in the Lauderdale Beach Hotel.

The Marlin Beach Hotel continues to be the place for gays in Fort Lauderdale. While other hotels are sometimes looking for guests, the Marlin Beach is filled. It has the Poop Deck Bar — always crowded and always interesting.

Getting back to Miami Beach, there is the Windward, a complete 24-hour oceanfront resort, with all kinds of fun. Tends to get a younger crowd. Always lots of pool and beach events. It's at 16051 Collins Ave., on the Atlantic.

If one gets tired of the bars, there are many other things to do. There's the Miami Beach Theatre of Performing Arts, where producer Zev Bufman brings in top stars in Broadway hits. A Christmas treat will be Angela Lansbury in "Gypsy," opening December 21 for one week. There are also many local theatre groups performing in Greater Miami with all types of productions. Check local papers for times and places.

(continued on page 95)

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atlanta

Theatre is where you find it — but in a **record store?**

Oz is the brainchild of David Kaye, who believes that "merchandising and fun are not mutually exclusive."

Entering under a deco marquee, you find yourself in a bleak "Kansas," an arcade of shops in Aunt Em's farmhouse and rustic stables. Then you pass through a wind tunnel into the "Land of Oz," where records are grouped in appropriate settings (heavy metal rock in the Tin Woodman's house, disco music in the poppy fields, etc.)

The Wizard's throne sits on a stage which is used to present visiting stars. Behind that is an 8-foot screen from which the Wizard makes announcements. "Dorothy" and the other characters roam the store.

As much a theme park as a store, Oz will doubtless inspire imitations all over the country.

Gladys Knight, back home with husband Barry Hankerson for the world premiere of their starring film, *Pipe Dreams*, is marking 25 years as a Pip. The family act started at a party in 1951 with six members, but was pared down to the present four by the time they had their first hit, "Every Beat of My Heart," in 1961.

"Anyone could do what I do," Knight says modestly. "The guys do the hard work, blending their voices and staying in step with each other." It was the public, she says, that forced her into the spotlight; she's still a Pip at heart!

The disco scene has been shifting faster than dancers can move about a

floor. After a summer of slim pickings, the fall saw the opening and swift success of Frank Powell's County Seat. Within days, along came Mama's Best and 2001.

Then Union Station, the South's largest disco, reopened with the showbar, Hollywood Hot, inside. The former site of the Hot became the Locker Room Disco, part of the Locker Room bath, and open 24 hours.

Also gaining favor with the after-hours crowd is Stephen's Saloon, now serving breakfast until 6 a.m.

Things should have settled down by the time you read this, and some of the above names may be just a memory, along with Back Street, the first to close.

The Midnight Sun Dinner Theatre has an unusual booking. Opening Jan. 5, John Carradine will play "Big Daddy" in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

Alliance Theatre opens their 21-week season on Jan. 13, with "Scapino." The other plays, each running three weeks, are: "Hedda Gabler," "Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," Shaw's "Misalliance," "To Kill a Mockingbird," Shakespeare's "Henry IV, Part I," and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

At the Academy Theatre, "Waiting for Godot" plays Jan. 14-Feb. 12. Onstage Atlanta opens "Inherit the Wind" for three weekends on Feb. 3. Not all of our theatre is so traditional, but Open City and Kelly's Seed and Feed theatres don't announce their plans very far in advance.

The Fairmont has resumed booking name acts into the Venetian Room, at least on an occasional basis. Ben Vereen closes Dec. 18, Dana Valery is in Jan. 10-22 and Frank Gorshin returns in late February.

The Fox has the traditional presentation of "The Nutcracker" by the Atlanta Ballet and the Atlanta Symphony, Dec. 26-30. (And catch the Symphony's first record release, "The Nativity—A Christmas Concert," with Robert Shaw conducting, on Vox Turnabout); Ferrante and Teicher, Jan. 15; the Osipov Balalaika Orchestra, Jan. 26; Ginger Rogers, Jan. 28-29; and Tony Bennett, Feb. 4-5.

—Steve Warren

los angeles

When the Catholic Church discovers that Lucas is pregnant and that it's not another immaculate conception, all hell breaks loose for him and his lover Mark. That's the premise for Donald Driver's wild new cabaret-type entertainment, "Special Delivery," which premiered recently at the Matrix Theatre in Hollywood.

The show is basically a series of hilarious blackout scenes in which Mark and a very pregnant Lucas are pursued by a demented cardinal, zany FBI and CIA agents and a friendly sailor (representing the military). To top it all off, they also have to put up with Mark's sarcastic, martini-swilling mother, who can't forgive Lucas for corrupting her son.

The great thing about Driver's comedy is that the gay couple is played naturally and sincerely by John O'Connell and Tom Ligon. They're just a typical young married couple who want to have their baby in peace. O'Connell is particularly likable and funny as Lucas.

The hilarity and the outrageous satire of the piece comes from the ridiculous harassment they get from the "establishment," which Driver shamelessly stereotypes in a sidesplitting turn-about's-fair-play manner. All of the characters who pursue our heroes are played by Barbara Cason and Joseph R. Sicari, two extremely talented comedic actors, in a variety of outlandish costumes.

To make sure it all came off as he wrote it, Driver (he also wrote the rock musical "Your Own Thing" several years ago) also directed this production with a perfect sense of madcap irreverence. It's one of the funniest shows I've seen in a long time.

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Another funny new show now playing here is "Vanities" at the Mark Taper Forum. Lucie Arnaz, Stockard Channing and Sandy Duncan are a delight as three best friends whom we see over an 11-year period. They go from Texas high school cheer leaders planning the coming foot ball dance in the first act to society girls planning to graduate in the second act. Then, in the third act, which takes place several years later, we discover where these plans have taken them.

In "Vanities," Jack Heifner has written a very entertaining and thoughtful play. The sharp direction is by Garland Wright, who also staged the productions of "Vanities" that are currently running in New York and San Francisco as well.

There seems to be no end in sight for "A Chorus Line" at the Shubert Theatre, where tickets are now on sale through March 6. Donna McKechnie has now gone back to the New York production and Ann Reinking has replaced her here. While Reinking gives a different interpretation of the character — softer and more dependent — she is really a better dancer and manages to make "The Music and the Mirror" even more exciting.

—Ron Englert

boston

All the world has rhythm, and Boston is no exception. It's not surprising that an area with over a hundred thousand college students should dance to an academic tempo. Winter's here and the blood is coursing more quickly through the veins. Tans still intact from Cape Cod and Key West, the men have taken to the streets, seductively sprawling on park benches, bravely taking coffee at sidewalk cafes in the late afternoons, showing off on the sidewalks of Back Bay and Beacon Hill their new sweaters and new lovers.

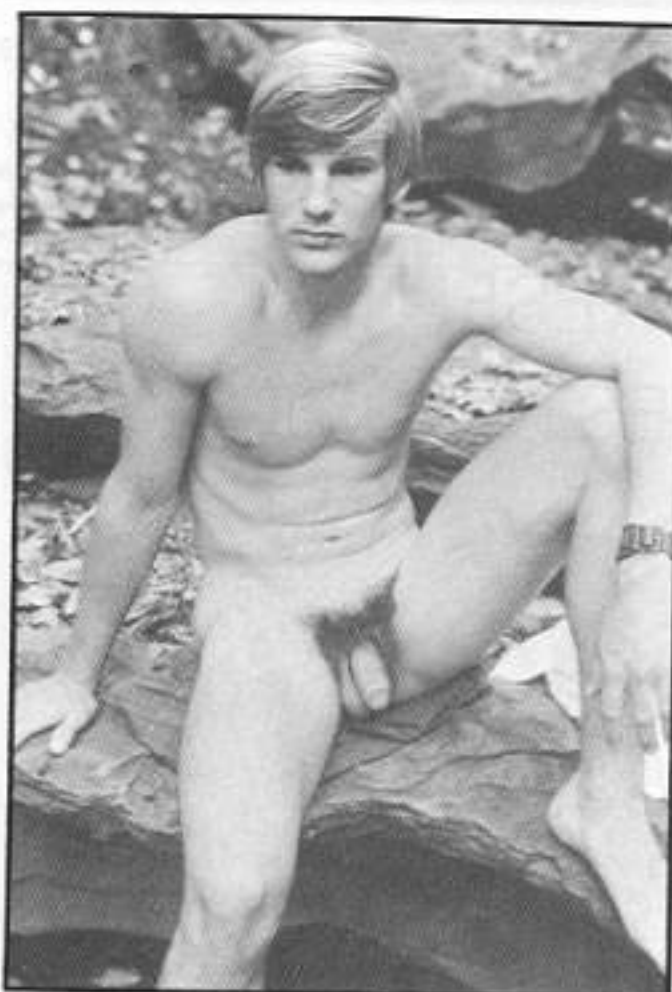
The theatre season begins anew also, but frankly, this year has been one disappointment capping the last, with only a couple of bright spots to show how dark is the rest. On the professional stage, Harold Pinter's production of "The Innocents" (based on Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*) was heavy-handed, un-scary,

(continued on page 92)

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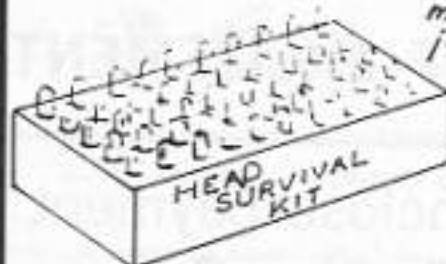
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ON THE TOWN

(continued from page 91)

poorly acted, and is most memorable for confirming the downhill turn of the talents of Claire Bloom, as strident here as in Tennessee Williams' fiasco, "The Red Devil Battery Sign."

"Bubbling Brown Sugar" opened here after its sterling success in New York, but many people were hard put to find anything charming, or stirring, or interesting, or enjoyable about the production, and afterwards, ran puzzled home to play their original recordings of Bessie Smith, Cab Calloway, Ethel Waters, and Billie Holliday, to see what went wrong on stage. The one real success was "The Royal Family," a fine, fast-paced production with Eva Le Gallienne and Carole Shelley turning in especially fine performances as mother and daughter of the First Family of Broadway. Most of the audience had no idea that the characters on stage were patterned after a real dynasty, the Barrymores, but enjoyed themselves on the level of straightforward comedy, and the play and the cast never failed to please.

BUNS

Another fellow managed to sell himself over the phone as youthful and handsome. Fortunately, I got a glimpse of him first. He looked like Kojak. He beat on my doors and windows for a full 90 minutes, ringing the phone every quarter hour, while I cowered silently within. That one was really anal, and horny with it.

Although I have no plans for further advertising, I am sure that my phone number is tucked into hundreds of wallets around the country, and I shall be receiving calls from fellow-analists for weeks, yea, perhaps even months and years to come.

the end

Home-grown talent proved itself embarrassingly amateurish and simple-minded, and hardly deserving of the epithet 'professional' which it has claimed. The Boston Repertory Theatre's production of Moliere's "Misanthrope" was annoyingly coarse, without an idea in its pointed little head, a sore disappointment after a couple of solid productions in the past two years. And the Boston Shakespeare Company's first essay into the realm of tragedy was an abominable misrepresentation of "Macbeth," in which college students (albeit simple-minded) who had read the play the night before still had trouble following the plot.

Boston has more resident theatres now than could be easily pushed into the Charles River, but as Gerald Ford's football coach warned, we should never confuse activity with achievement. Boston desperately needs an intelligent, knowledgeable director who would gather about him a few accomplished actors, and put on stylish productions fraught with ideas, and intended for adults.

—Joseph Cain



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PITTSBURGH

The three great pillars of gay life in Pittsburgh are the Venture Inn, the Norreh Social Club, and the House of Tilden (also a club). Their premises are spacious, their facilities better than adequate, with dancing in all three. There are people — converging cliques — who are at the Venture daily from ten until two, when they withdraw to one or other of the clubs, remaining until closing. Venture-Norreh-Tilden got together and promoted a Labor Day picnic which drew over 800 gays to North Park. For Pittsburgh — spectacular!

Around the corner from the Venture is David's — smaller, older, perhaps a bit conservative — although one does find the occasional hustler there, unobtrusively soliciting business.

Out in Oakland, the university section of town (Pitt. Carnegie-Mellon), is the Holiday Bar, where the air is friendly and the music ear-splitting. It is cozy, but too small for dancing.

We do have three baths, but the Club Baths is the only one worth patronizing. The Arena is mixed and sleazy, while Schume's boasts that it is "Pittsburgh's oldest" — and it certainly looks it.

Liberty Avenue has become our Times Square, lined as it is on both sides with porn-movies and smut-shops — all of which carry a rack of magazines for gays.

Jay's Bookstall in Oakland stocks a complete line of recent issues in both hard- and soft-cover, of serious interest to our crowd. The University of Pittsburgh Book Center has just opened a special section for gays.

The House of Tilden in East Liberty — our only gay disco — is a Pittsburgh landmark with two bars, a computer-lighted dance floor, a games room, and porn films every Monday night.

The Home Circle on Northside, also a private club, attracts more women than men, with a great kitchen, dance floor, and pool table.

Norreh Social Club, on Polish Hill, occupies three floors and offers food seven days a week with a special dinner on Sundays.

Close police surveillance last winter and spring put a damper on hustling, but the boys are beginning to walk their beats again. The places for contacts are Mellon Square and the streets bounding it; Penn and Liberty Avenues downtown from Sixth Street to the Greyhound Terminal, as well as the Terminal itself.

The university students offer themselves on the streets behind Fifth Avenue between Dithridge and Craig in Oakland.

There are no callboys available in Pittsburgh. There used to be one but he moved away.

Only Albuquerque could be worse.

□

McGlynn is the Pittsburgh correspondent for IN TOUCH.

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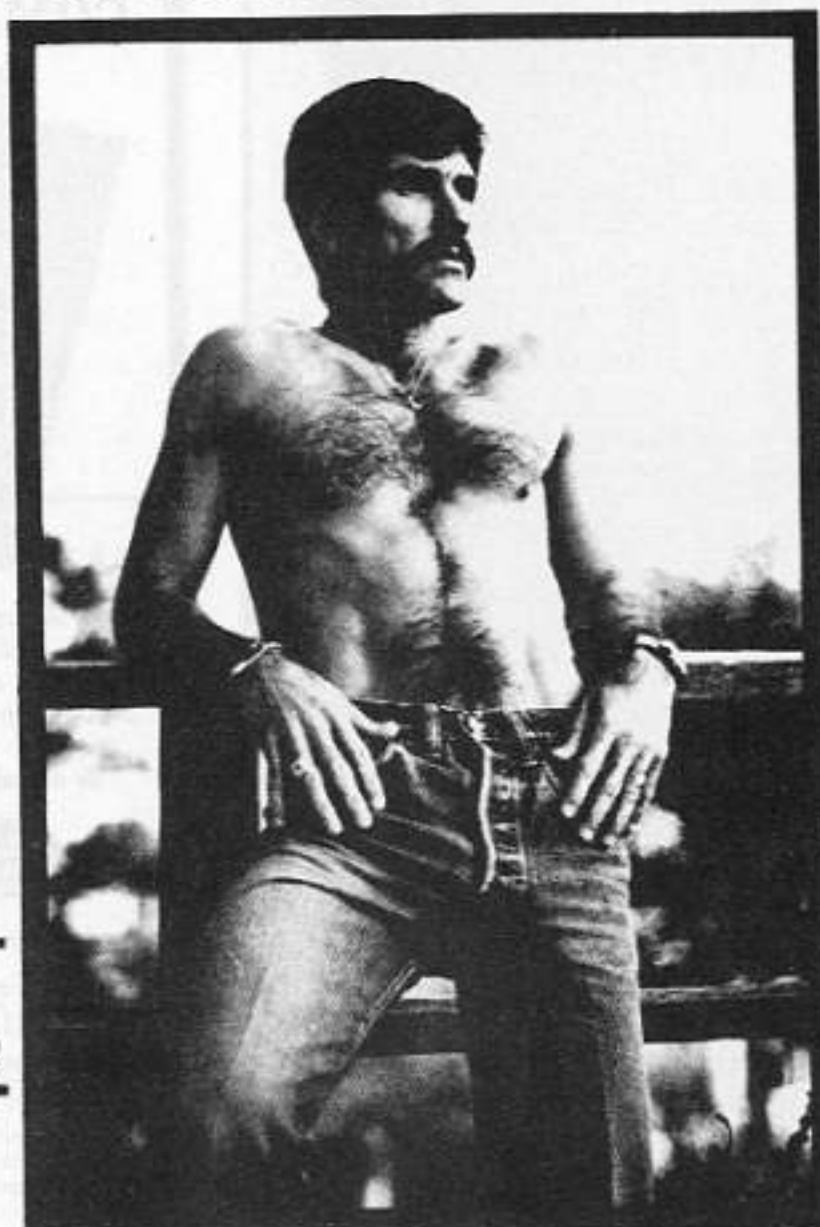
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(continued from page 88)

Is vaudeville dead? It isn't on Miami Beach, where there's stiff competition for the entertainment dollar. Two theatres located on Lincoln Road offer top entertainers in three shows a day, seven days a week. There's the Carib Theatre and the Beach Theatre, with prices ranging from \$1 to \$2. Always a feature film. Truly an entertainment bargain.

Speaking of films, there are several male movie houses in South Florida, offering interesting films and the chance to meet someone.

A visit to Miami wouldn't be complete without a visit to the Club Miami Baths, 2991 Coral Way. There are very few places where you can bathe nude at midnight under the stars, but here you can do it in December and January. It's clean, spacious, and is popular. Also in

Miami is the Clubhouse Baths, 299 S.W. 8th Street. In Fort Lauderdale there's the Gym Health Club, 901 S.W. 27th Ave. or the Locker Room Baths, 1914 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

During the day and at night Greater Miami offers horse racing, dog racing, jai alai and other sports. You can always catch the Miami Dolphins in action and there are some really super studs on the team. The surfing set is usually found on South Beach. Miami offers all types of aquatic diversions.

If you happen to be in Miami toward the end of December, there's the Orange Bowl Parade moving along Flagler Street downtown. Many house parties follow the parade just like Mardi Gras.

Other sightseeing might include the Lowe Art Gallery on the Univer-

sity of Miami campus in Coral Gables; Miami Museum of Modern Art; Bass Museum of Art; and the elegant Vizcaya, an Italian Renaissance palazzo with antique furnishings and gardens that looks out to shimmering Biscayne Bay. Don't miss the Seaquarium on Rickenbacker Causeway leading to Key Biscayne, where you can see man-eating sharks, lion fish, porpoises and seals.

There are so many gay events in Miami and in Greater Miami that one could write a book about them and still have plenty of material for another. You don't have to go far to have your desires satisfied. There's a large gay population among Miami's 350,000 residents and they're only too happy to share the delights of this tropical city with out-of-towners.

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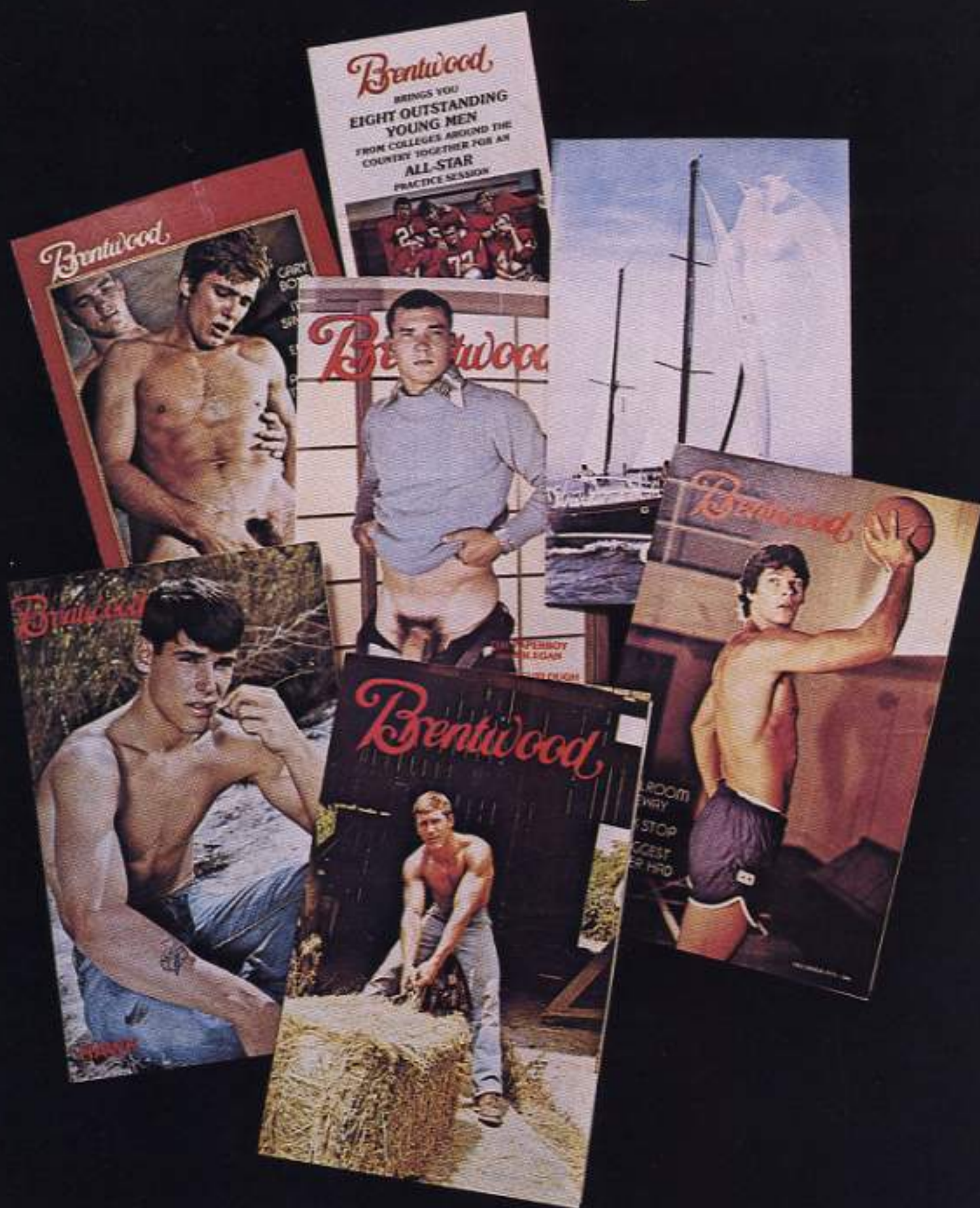
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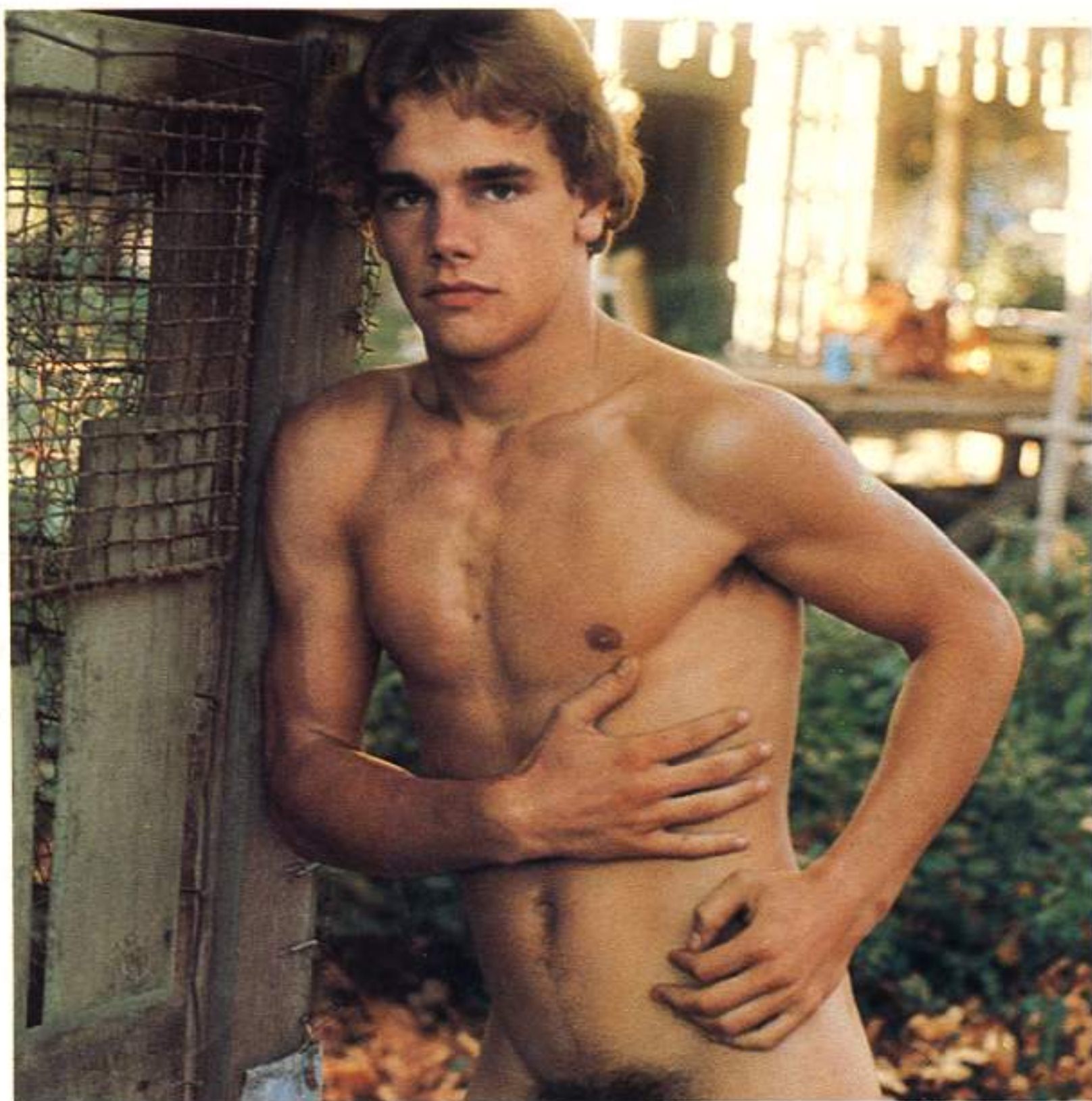
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